THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

ECONOMIC geography, as J. RUSSELL SMITH teaches it at Columbia University, is a fascinating thing, having to do less with the wavering lines men have drawn on maps than with the varied fruits of the earth and how humankind lives on them. He has written for Survey Graphic on trees and crops and nuts and irrigation and flood control. On page 333 he turns from geography to economics and draws a vivid picture of the need for economic planning, the penalties of stumbling on in the dark with our fingers crossed for luck, and some essentials for anything in the way of a plan which may be wrought out of our misery.

THE careful appraisal of the Russian Five-Year Plan on page 337 is based on nine months residence and study in Russia by MAXWELL S. STEWART, following four years spent in teaching sociology at Yenching University in Peiping. In Russia he held an editorial post on Anna Louise Strong's Moscow News. Mrs. Stewart, who is a teacher of languages, was employed by the government to teach English to one hundred young Russian engineers who are coming as students to American colleges next fall. Toward the end of their stay it grew apparent that the course would not be finished on time. The government insisted that Mrs. Stewart remain another month while the Stewarts insisted there were great stretches of Russia they must see before they left. The outcome was that the classes went on day and night for two weeks and the remaining two weeks were spent in a government airplane racing over European Russia with marvelous views of it all, particularly of the great state farms.

FALL RIVER offers to date the best example of what happens to a community when the city itself goes broke—the municipal equivalent of bankruptcy. On page 341 GERTRUDE SPRINGER of the staff of Survey Graphic tell the story of how, when textiles moved south, a one-industry town depending on textiles went flat. It was not only a case of widespread unemployment of mill-hands, but of failure for the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker; the landlord, the social agencies—until finally the city itself could not meet its obligations. How the Commonwealth of Massachusetts stepped in practically as receiver, how the Lady from the Hill tackled unemployment, how Bishop Cassidy threw a monkey-wrench into a proposed wage-cut, what the Old Families and the Foreigners think of it all makes a fascinating tale.

THAT the kindly and benevolent hospital trustee is really, in his corporate capacity, playing a medieval role of hat-passing instead of earning his salt as a business man is the contention of RICHARDS M. BRADLEY (page 348). Mr. Bradley is a trustee of the Thomas Thompson Trust in Boston, which has demonstrated the principles he advocates of providing medical care for middle-class families on a self-respecting, self-supporting basis.

IT is slowly being realized that in the gas-engine age highways are not solely nor even chiefly of use in hauling hogs or logs to market, but are worth decorating as the scene of everyman's holiday. The tourist business pays better than hog-raising, and it grows as increasingly attractive roads beckon the driver on. FRANK A. WAUGH, who writes of it on page 350, is professor of horticulture and landscape gardening at Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst.

ONE of the suggestions of MARC N. GOODNOW to insure "neighborhoods that can't be spoiled" (page 353), that a jury of competent architects give or withhold its approval of all proposed new buildings, is in accordance with a recommendation of the American Institute of Architects. A newspaper man and contributor to various publications, Mr. Goodnow is also a member of the faculty of the Department of Journalism of the University of California.

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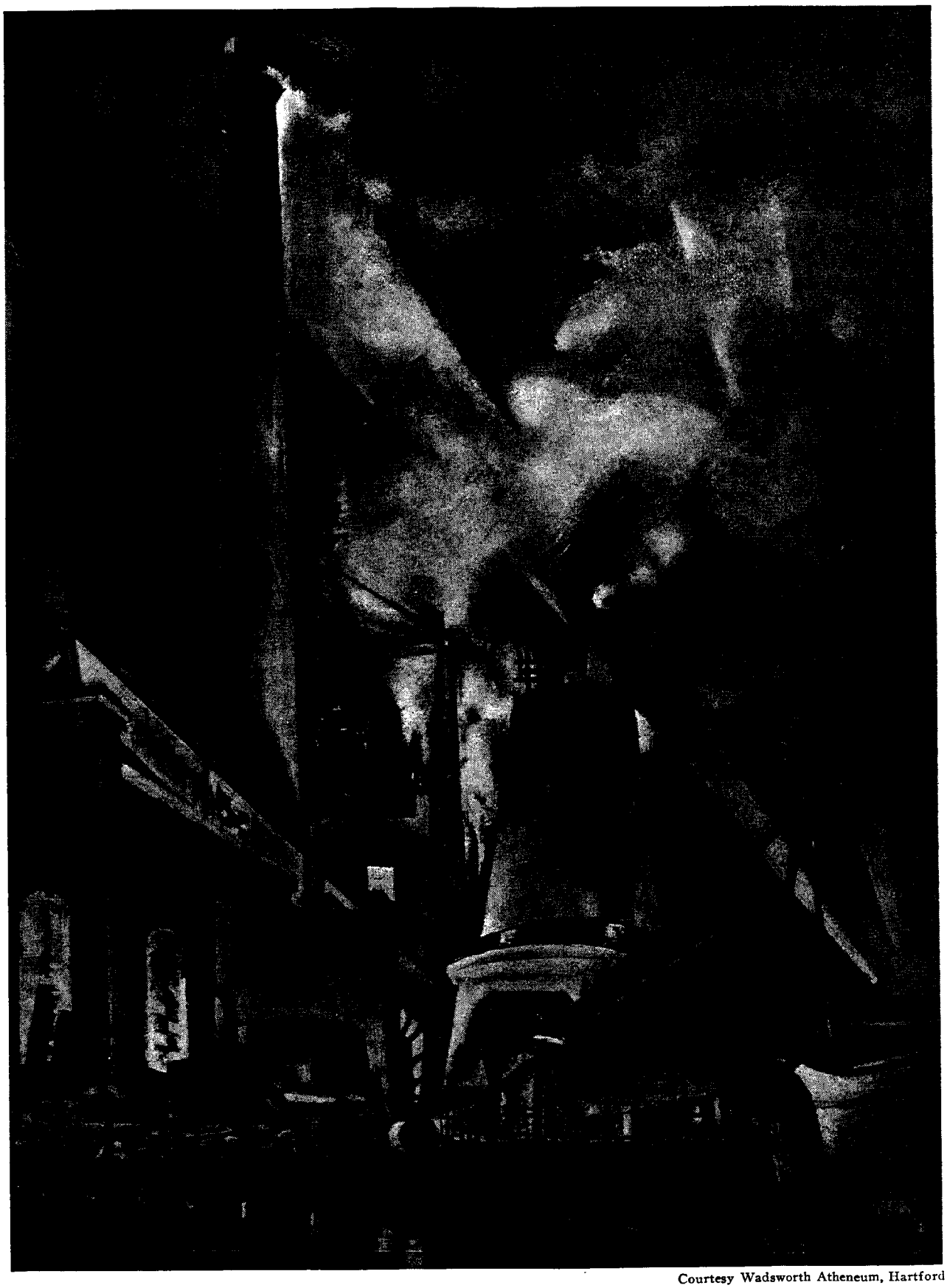

Courtesy Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford

POWER STATION—NIGHT

BY PRESTON DICKINSON

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The End of an Epoch

Will the United States Plan Ahead or Will It Flounder On?

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

"THIS is a cruel world," wrote Victor Sanderson, aged 54, just before he ended his despair by turning on the gas. He had lived for twenty-three years in the great industrial city of Philadelphia. He had been out of work for months. His money was gone. He could not pay the room rent. And so he turned on the gas. His dead hand clutched a polite note for his landlady explaining it all.

That is unemployment for you! It breaks the human spirit. Millions in both Europe and America have felt the strain that cracked poor Sanderson. It has been said that unemployment is to this age what the Black Death was to the Middle Ages. The Black Death destroyed people's bodies. Unemployment weakens the body, destroys hope, kills the spirit, wrecks the home. It is indeed a cancer in our industrial civilization, and—well, we know how cancer ends. Our form of capitalism will die unless it can cope with unemployment, and it has no great period of time in which to deal with the problem. Witness Russia and Italy and our millions out of work.

This is the age of science and its child, machinery—the age of coal, mechanical power, steel and electricity. The year 1918 showed the possibilities of the machine to serve humanity and also to destroy it. Aided by machinery, men were killing other men whom they had never seen, and in turn they were being killed by men who had never seen them. American industry gave a machinery demonstration in that year 1918 upon which we need to ponder in this period of unemployment. In 1918 we had about 4,500,000 men under arms. They had been removed from industry for a full year, many of them for longer. A large part of them were in France. They were housed in new and expensively built army camps. They were better fed than most of them had ever been fed. They were well and wastefully clothed with new clothing, expensively equipped with rifles, revolvers, helmets and no end of artillery and ammunition. They were carried to Europe and fed there.

All this non-productive employment of the time of human beings, all this non-productive military equipment was made by the people of the United States, and at the same time they were supporting themselves in greater comfort than ever before, building ships at a speed never before equalled, and exporting to the Allied countries in Europe almost inconceivable amounts of military and civil supplies to maintain armies and to a large extent to feed civilian populations. Now mark! All this was done and there was no unemployment and therefore almost nothing for relief societies to do. Everyone who wished to work was employed at good wages and therefore physically comfortable. Such was the capacity of our machinery in 1918.

Since 1918 we have greatly improved our machinery and thereby we have greatly increased our capacity to produce and make the things that man needs. During this last decade some steel plants have been rebuilt in such a way that the new machinery lets one man do

Four years ago this month we had an article by Professor Smith called Plan or Perish. He called on the forces of good will, good sense and technical skill to combine to prevent Mississippi floods, which not only destroy everything in their path but carry out to sea the good topsoil of the Middlewest. But floods are only occasional acts of Providence, while the present plight of American business and agriculture is something over which man has at least a measure of control. Plan or Perish might also be the title of this article in which an economist calls on a sorely beset country to give up the jogtrot of stage-coach days carried over into the Machine Age.

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what a hundred men have done before. The same thing has happened in coal mines; improvements that double and quadruple a man's producing power are being made almost every day and apparently the process is but beginning.

The harvest hand used to find a summer job following the reaper in the Wheat Belt. Now the Wheat Belt farmers hitch a tractor to a big machine called a combine. This labor-saving device goes around a field, cuts the wheat, threshes it, throws away the straw and drops sacks of wheat on a truck, and the harvest hand has followed the Indian, the buffalo and the ichthyosaurus into the history of the Wheat Plains. The harvest hand went to town to look for a job in the automobile factory—which shut down before he got there.

Costello in The Albany Evening News

Helpless

Near Trenton, N. J., a corporation, one of a chain having a thousand-cow dairy in this unit, has built an elegant structure that looks like a theater. It is a milking palace built around a mechanical device whereby thirty-nine men extract the most perfect milk in the world as they wash, dry, groom and milk a continuous procession of cows. These thirty-nine men are doing a better job than was done last year by 110 men sitting on stools holding buckets under Bossy's milk department and getting the milk in the good old-fashioned way by hand. There is no reason why American babes should not *bathe* in milk if it were good for them. We have the land, the labor and the capital to make the milk if the markets would only demand it and pay for it a reasonable price.

Here is the dreadful summary. *Offer a profitable price and the machines now at our command can glut the market for almost any commodity in a short time.* That is the problem that has brought American industry nearer to self-destruction than most people realize.

The machines are marvellous, but a strange paralysis has overcome them. Granaries stand full of wheat on the farm while millions are hungry in the cities, asking only for a chance to work. Rows of coal mines stand idle all winter while millions shiver in the cities. Sawmills, cement plants, steel mills are standing idle, thousands of people want new houses, hundreds of thousands of idle men are wanting to build them, but nothing happens except depleted savings and increasing hunger.

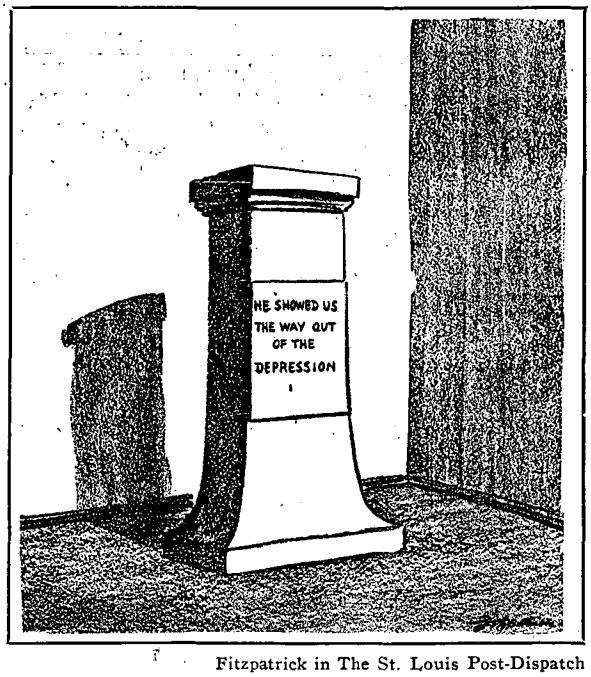
Millions unemployed, banks full of money offered at unusually low rates, while machines, equipment and materials stand waiting on every side. Never in all human history were there such possibilities of wealth and comfort but this plethora of wealth cannot be used until we change our psychology and our bookkeeping.

When will the boom start again? A sinister fact about the industrial prospects of the year 1931 and subsequent years lies in this statement: *The period since the War was a temporary epoch that is ended.* It was a unique period having no prospect of repetition. Once in a while a man gets a handful of aces in a card game but he cannot count on them regularly. The last decade was a decade of industrial aces and the hand has been played. Here is the list of these aces, these industrial opportunities:

(1) *Building*: While we were busy with the War we deferred building in the United States, therefore we had a deficit to fill as well as normal development to take care of; hence a building boom.

(2) *The Automobile Boom*: The automobile industry may be said to have arrived with the War. We have built automobile factories, supplied the United States with automobiles, developed a large automobile export trade, built garages, public and private, filling stations, roadhouses, hot-dog stands, tea houses, new hotels, lines of new buses to take care of the new travelers.

(3) *Radio*: The radio industry arrived. We have built the factories to make the radios and built radios for 15,000,000 homes.



Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Our Vacant Pedestal

(4) *New Equipment*: We have built a great amount of new manufacturing equipment since the War. We have electrified millions of homes, put in electric lights, refrigerators and washing-machines.

(4) *High Wages*: The most potent element in this post-War boom was the lucky accident of high wages. The War had put wages up and the instalment selling system did much to peg them there. It was the post-War high wages that enabled the rank and file to buy automobiles, radios and washing-machines, and this in turn called for the new factories, now unfortunately idle — and the wage level is sinking.

What will make the greatly desired industrial revival? The industrial history of the United States shows that periods of booming industry have had their chief bases in new construction—railroads, factories, wharves, ships, houses —equipment, capital goods, things to make more things. In

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the eighties we had a fine time building new railroads across the continent and settling the West with new farms. It was almost as good as our recent post-War boom. Will the industrial revival of 1931-32 build new railroads? No. The railroads are petitioning for the privilege of closing down branch lines and pulling up the rails. We are oversupplied with automobile factories and radio factories. We have an oversupply of textile mills, and steel mills with vast unused capacity are praying for orders. Shoe factories stand ready to produce 900,000,000 pairs of shoes annually and we need only 300,000,000 pairs, and so on through most of the industrial list. The coal mines have been a glut ever since the deflation after the War. We are equipped and manned to produce 700 million tons of coal and we use about 500 million tons.

What products will start the boom? "Consumption goods," someone says, "shoes, shirts and dress goods, ice cream and candy, automobiles, radios, and refrigerators, face powders and lipsticks." Would that it were true, but alas it is not true. If we increased the output of such goods 25 per cent next week it would merely give employment to existing equipment and to *some* of the unemployed if we worked on the basis of present hours and the six-day week.

Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Light Is Breaking

Great improvements in machinery and management have been made even during the unemployment. Indeed it goes on most rapidly at such times. For example, within a period of twelve months a certain factory has increased its output by 60 per cent per worker employed and it is quite naturally employing fewer of them. If the company should produce at that rate this year with the same number of workers that it had a year ago it could supply a 60 *per cent increase in demand, and that without adding a single employe.* See how that 60 per cent increase could swallow up a boom and still leave employment where it was a year ago.

Industrially, we are all dressed up with no place to go. We are equipped. We need a market. There is our neighbor's hunger and his near nakedness. Our next and pressing task is to turn him into a market. To do this we must do something to give him buying power. *We are at the end of an epoch, the epoch of free and unrestricted competition. Our system has failed. Six million unemployed prove it. We need a new system.*

The name in economic theory of our present industrial system is laissez faire, which means "let alone." It finds a clear exposition in that famous book on economics, The Wealth of Nations, published in 1776 by Adam Smith, a Scottish philosopher. Says he in effect: The best way to promote the industrial welfare of a people and to promote individual wealth, national wealth and general comfort is to let industry and trade be free. Let people buy and sell as they please, hire out and employ as they please, buy cheap and sell dear, cut prices and raise prices as they please. Let competition be the great leveler and safety-line. If a man does not like his employer, let him seek out another. If he does not like this market let him go to that. Thus each man seeking his own ends will, in competition with thousands of others, best promote the national welfare and the welfare of all.

This theory was born in the minds of men who saw industry as a spinning-wheel, a hand loom, a cobbler at his bench, a blacksmith at his anvil, a tailor in his shop, a farmer with his scythe, transportation in carts and on horseback with the canal-boat as the great hope. This theory of laissez faire did not work so badly in the first half of the nineteenth century with new continents being opened up and the young men able to run away from bad employment conditions in cities and settle in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Manitoba, Australia, Siberia or South Africa. It is different in the age of machinery when the continents are all settled. We now see that with the steam hammer and the giant corporations of the industrial city the laissez faire theory is failing more and more to bring economic satisfaction.

Free competition kills purchasing power. What is free competition between unorganized, hungry unemployed men and a billion-dollar corporation? What is free competition in a glutted market? What is free competition when both labor and capital go hungry, as they do now in the American soft-coal industry?

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This free competition becomes ghastly when men are hungry. A hungry man thinks only of his hunger and he tends more and more to be willing to subsist on the lowest level on which he can exist, for exist he must. At the present moment men are working on farms throughout many sections of the United States for $1.25 or $1.50 for a ten-hour day. Two years ago, in many cases one year ago, they were getting $2.50 and $3 for the same kind of work in the same communities. An employer in one of these localities recently told me that $1.50 per day is to be the wage from now on. I hear from workers innumerable reports of wage cuts of 20, 30, 40 per cent for skilled workers in the Philadelphia district. In the same locality factory laborers have been cut from 40 cents per hour to 25 cents. In Delaware road workers say they are getting 15 cents an hour. From this a laborer must pay rent, buy food and clothes and support "the higher life." What is that doing to the standard of living, and what is it doing to purchasing power? Can these men buy another second-hand automobile to replace the one they had last year? The answer is too plain to be spoken. They cannot. How will they—how *can* they—help on the industrial boom for which the country is now praying? And what would happen if they had five or ten dollars a day? They would spend it, the demand would jump and factories would blow the whistle again—blow it loud and long.

Laissez faire was not impossible on the frontier and we now suffer because it became the theory on which American industrial life and economic legislation are based. It is the whole background of the thinking and the feeling of millions. Witness the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which strives to break up into little competing parts any big organization that controls an industry or a price.

SO much for the theory. A man may have a theory in his mind, but when a fact hits him in the face he deals with the fact and it often plays hob with his theory. Before he knows it he has become a victim of one of those well known tragedies of science, a theory killed by a fact. As an example of this we have the spectacle, first, of an agreement aided by a member of the cabinet limiting competition among domestic oil producers by limiting production, and, second, an agreement put through by importers and approved by announcements from Mr. Hoover's White House office, limiting and controlling the amount of oil to be imported. I approve of Mr. Hoover's action. He was dealing with an industrial crisis in a good and realistic manner. I cite it without criticism as a perfect illustration of my thesis: *industry must be controlled in the interest of the public welfare.* There must be much more control of industry. Mr. Hoover and every one in the oil industry, and all who know about it, say in effect that in the oil industry the law of laissez faire competition has failed.

By this oil restriction Mr. Hoover has relieved temporarily (but not solved) one of our hundred or two hundred pressing problems of competition. It is a sad commentary upon the inefficiency of our governmental machine to observe that he had to do it by a kind of administrative lynch law.

This oil episode makes me feel sure that Mr. Hoover would like to see the Sherman Anti-Trust Law changed so as to permit more and better control of industry, of which his oil work may be taken as a kind of type. But Mr. Hoover knows, and the members of the Congress know, that the American voter has a deepset dread of anything that looks like giving Wall Street and Big Business more power or more authority. The public fears Big Business. That is one of the great troubles that faces us in any attempt at remedy. That is probably the reason why Mr. Hoover had to resort to processes that may be called imaginary, if not indeed subterfuge. But Mr. Hoover was faced by facts.

THERE seems to be no doubt whatever that the two oil agreements are not only in exact contradiction of the venerable theory of laissez faire but that they are also a flat violation of the plain intent of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. I speak as an economist dealing with realities, not as a lawyer dealing with imaginary entities after the fashion of the American courts and of little children playing house.

"Have a cup of tea," said little Mary as she made a gesture of pouring from a broken teapot into an empty cup.

"Oh, thank you," said Susie, "it's very nice indeed!"

The little girls had learned this device of imaginary entities from the treatment of the holding company by the United States courts. It was by using such fictions that Mr. Hoover and his cabinet, facing a stern necessity and manifestly in the interests of the public welfare, have broken the Sherman Anti-Trust Law with the aid of legal fictions. *One of our great needs is to quit controlling industry by legal fictions,* which are apt to live a couple of generations too long to the grievous injury of the public. We must deal with realities to succeed.

Mr. Hoover's essential violation of a foolish and outworn law in the case of oil is merely one more evidence of an almost worldwide tendency toward greater and greater control of industry. We are swinging away from the laissez faire of 1776, the hand forge and the frontier farm, as one problem after another demands it.

We will doubtless soon have a business revival to some extent, but our stupendous increases of producing power by machinery in combination with reduced demand (reduced wage) means that unemployment will come again and soon and stay a long time if perchance it leaves us at all. England has had it for twelve years, and British developments in industry have a habit of repeating themselves in America a short time later. Our industrial organization cannot last with this situation. We must remedy unemployment, and since we know that it will come, we must, if we succeed, begin to prepare for it even when it is not pressing.

PREPARE for slumps during prosperity. If during a rainstorm your roof suddenly begins to leak and water pours into your house, you run and get buckets and pans and set them under the leaks. Then you send for the roofer to patch the roof and you begin investigations as to types and kinds and costs of *new roofs.* We are in that situation with regard to unemployment. We need pans and patches and also we need to investigate the problem of a new roof. The pans and patches come first. Some of them are:

(1) Unemployment insurance, a very big problem.

(2) Advance plans for public works to make employment in otherwise dull times.

(3) A national employment service or some similar organization. The way to keep the government from doing things is to do them ourselves. I suggest it as a job for the United States Chamber of Commerce.

(4) Shorter hours. It is probable that a five-day week and a six-hour day would make much more goods than we can sell in 1932.

I pass these very important (*Continued on page* 364)

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Russia's 5-Year Plan in Action

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

Photographs by Press Cliche, Moscow

ALL are agreed that Soviet Russia's Five-Year Plan is one of the most interesting and significant developments of modern times. But at this point agreement stops completely, for the Plan is so tremendous and many-sided, so challenging to the basis of life as we have always known it that it is difficult to find two persons who will interpret it alike. We are obviously far too near to it to obtain the perspective necessary for a comprehensive judgment, and yet few of us have the patience to await the verdict of history. In the meantime we must make full allowances for the peculiar bent and idiosyncrasies of those who seek to interpret for us. As far as the Five-Year Plan is concerned the "detached mind" and an "unprejudiced approach" are myths—the Communists would say "petty bourgeois myths." Everything depends upon what qualities of human life we hold most important, for the amazing achievements of the Plan have been at the expense of many values which we Americans have long considered absolutely basic.

It came as a start to the writer the other day to read of the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of state planning in Russia. For although we are accustomed to think of the announcement of the preliminary figures for the Piatiletka—the Five-Year Plan—in 1927 as marking the beginning of state planning, the Soviet State Planning Commission was actually organized in February 1921 and started the preparation of control figures in the key industries the year which marked the bottom in the post-war decline in Russian industry. The first seven years were, however, largely years of reconstruction, the primary aim being simply to restore the comparatively low pre-war standard of productivity. This was achieved only in the year ending September 30, 1927. It was at this time that the decision was first made to order the nation's economic life by attempting to draw up a careful plan of national requirements five years in advance. The revised Five-Year Plan was finally approved by the Congress of Soviets in 1928 and put into operation on October 1 of that year.

The basic principles of the Piatiletka are simplicity in themselves. In order to transform Soviet Russia from a predominently agricultural country into a first-rate industrial nation, a five-year building and construction program costing over three and a half billion dollars has been entered into which involves a much more rapid rate of industrial development than has ever been achieved in any country. In order to accomplish this, a definite plan has been prepared covering every phase of the national economy. It is unnecessary to point out that this requires that the program of every industrial operation and every building project must be correlated with each of the many others upon which it depends, both as to time and as to quantity. This tremendous undertaking has not been achieved without some very serious mistakes, but the experience of the seven previous years proved sufficient to prevent any catastrophic error such as conceivably might have occurred.

FOR the close of the five-year period the increase in the gross agricultural output was set at 151 per cent over that of the year 1927-28, that of all industries 181 per cent, pig-iron production was to be trebled, and the national income was to be doubled. While every line of industry was to be expanded, especial emphasis was given to those industries engaged in the manufacture of production-goods and tools at the expense of industries producing goods for immediate consumption. The former enterprises, the so-called heavy industries, were to be increased 255 per cent while the output of light industry was to grow by 181 per cent. This discrepancy, of course, was made necessary because of the backwardness of Russia's pre-war industry, but it has meant that the Russian people have been forced to curtail consumption in order to further the Plan. Some idea of the pace which is being maintained may be gathered from the fact that during 1931 the revised control figures call for an increase of 58 per cent in the total production of heavy industry within the twelve months while light industry is to increase but 27 per cent. This tremendous gain is being made possible by the opening of a whole series of new factories which have been constructed during the past two years. The opening of two huge new tractor plants, for example, is expected to increase the tractor production by 240 per cent during the present year.

The director of one of the Soviet farms, Gigant, studying the sowing plan for the year

One should not however get the impression that the Five-Year Plan is a fixed schedule which binds the nation to a certain regime irrespective of changing conditions. As a matter of fact

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the control figures which are fixed annually have differed widely from those of the original Five-Year Plan and changes have often been made during the course of the year. The adjustments have been mostly upwards, made necessary by uncalculated demands resulting from the growth of some dependent branch of industry.

It is also incorrect to think of the Piatiletka as a more or less rigid theoretical plan foisted on industry from above. It is perfectly clear that such a scheme would not have the least chance of success. The Plan is built from the ground up. In the beginning the workers of every factory and working-unit meet in their trade unions to discuss their particular share in the plan for the coming year. The shop committee in each establishment submits its tentative schedule for each department, and the workers criticise it and make their suggestions. The writer has attended such meetings and can testify to the thoroughness and seriousness of the consideration given. A large proportion of the workers took part in the discussion and they did not mince words in their criticisms of current inefficiencies. While in some cases young workers are carried away by an unjustified enthusiasm concerning the possibilities of the coming year, one can say that each worker in a sense determines his share in the general Five-Year Plan.

After the local factory group has threshed out the problems, the plan as worked out is forwarded to the trust of which the factory is a part. It finally reaches the planning committee of the Supreme Economic Council which has charge of practically all Russian industry. At last the State Planning Commission, the Gosplan, after due consultation with the other bodies, formulates the control figures for the year on the basis of the carefully worked out data obtained from these other groups. At times rather fundamental readjustments are made at the last minute by the Gosplan, usually on the side of prudence.

Completing the first Soviet cracking plant at Podolsk, near Moscow

As great as was the amount of development called for by the original plan, it was found that the possibilities of construction, in general, had been underestimated. Incentive was provided for redoubled efforts by the extensive use of "socialist rivalry" whereby various factory groups compete with each other in attempting to increase production. Consequently at the end of the first year the new control figures which were brought out had as their object the completion of the entire plan, if possible, in four instead of five years. The enthusiasm which led them to raise their quotas to undreamed of levels proved largely ungrounded, and the actual achievements of the second year, while considerably above the original plan, fell far short of the new objectives. The total increase of production of the year 1929-30 was actually only a fraction of one per cent better than the achievements of the first year of the Plan. The total output of Soviet industry increased 24.2 per cent over the previous year as compared with the 21 per cent set forth by the original Piatiletka but far short of the 31.5 per cent projected in the revised control figures.

Nevertheless during 1930 the various industries of the Soviet Union produced, according to official figures which may be considered as reasonably reliable, twice as much as in 1913—an increase which had been wholly achieved since 1927 when the pre-war level of production was finally reached. There was an increase of 40 per cent in the heavy industries during the last year, and if the quota set forth by the control figures for 1931 is attained, 98 per cent of the Five-Year Plan for these basic industries will have been reached by the end of the present year—three and a quarter years after the beginning of the Plan. At the end of the current year it is expected that such basic industries as coal, oil, machine-manufacturing and the electrical industry will

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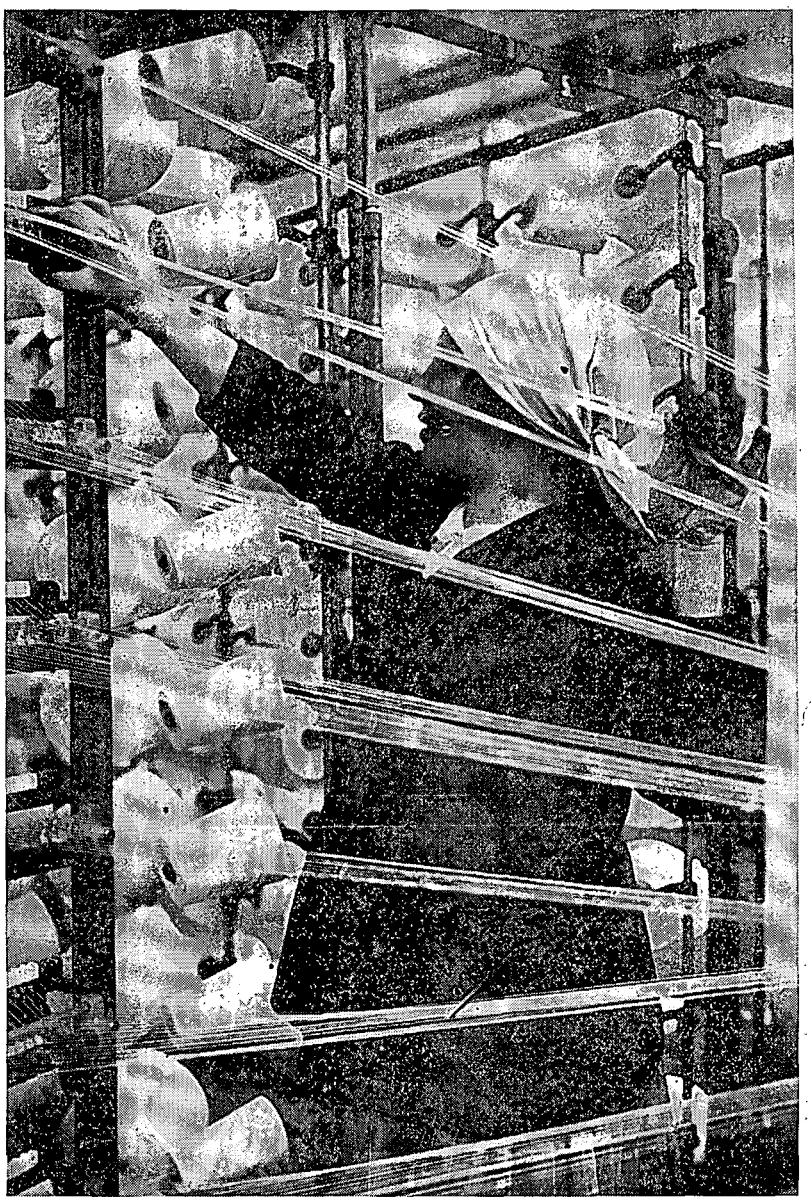
have exceeded their five-year schedule. In fact the entire oil industry attained its five-year quota on April 1, as did a great electrical factory in Moscow. According to the Plan 53,000 tractors were to have been turned out during the fifth year, whereas more than that number will probably be produced this year.

But in spite of the rather general success of the Piatiletka, a number of serious weaknesses have been revealed which illustrate both the dangers involved in economic planning as such and especially of trying to force the rate of economic development at too great a pace. Due to the tremendous pressure put on heavy industry, there has been a very serious shortage of ordinary consumption goods of all kinds, particularly of footwear and clothing. The whole Plan has threatened to break down because of a miscalculation of the amount of coal and wood which would be required as fuel. For although coal-mining has progressed more than called for by the original Five-Year Plan, there is still an acute shortage. The overcrowding of the arteries of transportation has proved to be an even more critical problem. The miscalculation of the Plan is illustrated by the fact that in 1931 Russian railways will be expected to carry 330,000,000 tons of freight as against the 281,000,000 originally fixed for the fifth year of the Plan. The railway situation is aggravated by the fact that river transportation has also fallen far behind requirements and herculean efforts will be necessary to keep pace with the growing demands of industry.



Textile worker in a mill at Ivanovo-Voznesensk

As the breakdown of transportation would bring to naught the entire program, the Soviet leaders have acted with unusual alacrity in taking measures to remedy the situation. A year ago Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern Railway, visited the Soviet Union as consultant for the reconstruction of the railways. This year Charles A. Gill, chief engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has been engaged together with a large staff of experts, to give advice on the reorganization of the Soviet railways along American lines. The present plans call for doubling the 50,000 miles of track now in operation within the next few years. In addition to the technical assistance employed from abroad, the Soviet Government has taken extraordinary measures to increase the staff of skilled railway workers. A decree was issued at the beginning of the year ordering every industrial concern to release all of its ex-railway employes for return to railway service.

In fact it has been the deficiency of skilled workers in every field of industry which has constituted the greatest single obstacle to the fulfillment of the Piatiletka. Two years ago Soviet Russia, like most of the rest of the world, was suffering from relatively widespread unemployment. As recently as the beginning of 1929 there were over a million and a half unemployed, including a certain reserve of skilled workers in most lines. But with the progress of the Five-Year Plan all of these and more have been absorbed into industry and construction work. As the only possible source of further supply consisted of raw peasant youths totally unaccustomed either to the discipline of factory life or to the use of modern machinery, the Soviet Government has established special industrial training schools with a capacity of 800,000 a year. Even this measure has proved insufficient for providing the one million six hundred thousand new workers required during 1931. The scarcity is most felt, however, not among ordinary factory workers, but among the specialists and engineers necessary to carry through the tremendous amount of new construction provided by the Plan and to operate the factories along modern lines. Thousands of experts have been brought in from Germany and the United States, and technical schools have put on double pressure to turn out as many technical experts as possible in the shortest possible time. Obviously this has been accomplished at the expense of thoroughness and the dearth of well-qualified technical leadership is undoubtedly hinder-

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ing the full achievement of the plan according to schedule.

This lack of qualified specialists is evidenced in the failure to meet the specifications of the Five-Year Plan regarding greater industrial efficiency. During the first year the decrease in the cost of production was only 5 per cent instead of the 7 per cent which had been provided by the Plan. Labor productivity, although increasing markedly, has also consistently lagged behind the Plan. If one talks to any of the thousands of American experts now employed in the Soviet Union, he will be overwhelmed by a torrent of instances of rank inefficiency and stubborn refusals to make comparatively simple changes which would accelerate production. It is often difficult to say whether slowness in adopting modern methods is due to stupidity, conservatism or out and out sabotage. Unquestionably all three factors have played important parts. There is no doubt in the mind of any close observer that deliberate sabotage has been widespread and that such practices have greatly retarded the progress of the Five-Year Plan.

SIMILARLY there can be no doubt that much of the increase in industrial output has been achieved at the expense of quality. Those who have lived for years in the Soviet Union complain bitterly over the inferior quality of present-day goods as compared with those of a few years ago. This is particularly true in the case of woolen and leather goods where a shortage of raw materials has necessitated the utilization of inferior products. However lest this emphasis on the decline in quality be misconstrued, the writer would like to give his personal testimony on the two or three Soviet-made articles which he has used long enough to give them a fair trial.

I have found, for example, that Soviet-made overshoes will wear more than twice as long as American overshoes of the same price and keep the feet much warmer during the winter months. Moreover I purchased a pair of ordinary high shoes for eight roubles ($4.00) some six months ago and have worn them steadily since then but they show no undue signs of wear. I have also found Soviet-made woolen hose to be far superior to hose of similar price in the United States. My impression is that when Soviet industry can secure good raw materials the products will compare favorably with the best elsewhere. On the other hand, Russian-made suits and women's clothing are tremendously expensive—judging by gold prices, and the finer qualities simply do not exist at present.

While the difficulty of evaluating the Five-Year Plan as a whole has already been indicated, from a purely economic view—if there can be such a thing as "pure economics"—it has undoubtedly been a success. There has been an astounding increase in both agricultural and industrial production. Foreign and internal trade have shown tremendous gains. The experience of the last two and a half years has rather conclusively demonstrated the feasibility and practicability of social planning. It is almost a foregone conclusion that the Plan will be almost completely fulfilled by the end of 1932 instead of the original date, September 30, 1933.

But if we look at it from the standpoint of the greatest welfare of the Russian people, the situation is badly confused. The advances which have been made have been at the expense of serious psychological and physical sacrifices. Personally, the writer is inclined to discount the importance of the latter. The Russians are a healthy, vigorous people; in spite of the shortage, they are reasonably well dressed. At least there is food enough for all. Housing conditions are bad, however, and overcrowding is almost universal throughout the Union, but I see no other reason for concern over the physical wants of the population. Such discomforts as are felt are counterbalanced by the elimination of unemployment. There is work, food and clothing for all, which is more than we can claim for our own country despite its much greater wealth.

The writer must confess, however, that he is at a loss to say categorically what the psychological effect of all these years of strain will be. For the time being the youth of Russia is gloriously enthusiastic. They have something to live and work for. But one is sceptical about the final fruit of this seemingly unnatural stimulation. It may be that the Russians have uncovered new possibilities within the souls of men—it often appears so; but then again it may only be war-time psychology operative on an unprecedented scale which is bound to collapse as the Wilson idealism of 1918 evaporated leaving the "back to normalcy" of a Harding.

One thing is relatively certain for the time being: the Five-Year Plan does not constitute in any sense a direct threat to the standard of living of the outside world, as many persons would have us believe. It is unquestionably true that in order to obtain money for the purchase of the machinery essential for carrying out the Plan it has been necessary to export many products which could have been well used at home. But after all, Soviet exports are as yet but a very small percentage of the world's trade and they have had very little influence on the world price level. And it must be remembered that as far as America is concerned the Soviet Union has imported more than three times as much as she has exported to this country. The completion of the Piatiletka will most certainly not result in a flood of Soviet-made goods which might disrupt the markets of the world. On the contrary, consumption requirements of the Soviet Union are for the time being insatiable and there will be no surplus to dispose of for years to come.

THE challenge of the Five-Year Plan is moral as well as economic. It is a direct challenge to the smugness and complacency which characterize American thinking on our own chaotic system. It is not unlikely that when historians of the future review our age they will look upon the organization of the diverse and complex economic activities of man under planned social control as the most significant single achievement of our day. This value, of course, will stand irrespective of the outcome of the Five-Year Plan, but Russia has staked her entire future upon its success.

In the next issue of Survey Graphic Professor Stewart will write on Russia, a Country Without Unemployment, telling how it was brought about and describing his experiences in the Moscow labor exchange.

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Photograph by Fred R. Dodge, Fall River

An acute unemployment situation on the doorstep of City Hall

Up from Bankruptcy

Fall River, a One-Industry Town, Tugs at Its Bootstraps

By GERTRUDE SPRINGER

"MY father's workin' an' my mother wants ten cents worth o' sugar an' there's the money." A grubby little hand slapped the coin smartly on the counter. Sheltered from a shower in the corner grocery across from the grey bulk of a cotton mill I watched the transaction. The small customer trotted out with his purchase and the grocer turned to me. "That's the first cash money I've seen from that family for six months," he said. "I've got $125 in their store-book. Don't know when I'll get it. Fact is I don't know how they an' a lot like 'em got by. Eleven of 'em and nobody workin' since last fall. But I guess they'll be all right now. The Iron Works is runnin'."

And there you have Fall River, once banner textile town of New England but last winter flat on its back, its all but bankrupt municipal finances taken over by state authority; its industry down; half of its wage-earning population without employment, yet somehow as spring came quickening with hope because the "Iron Works" were running.

The Iron Works are not iron works at all but are the five great textile mills of the American Printing Company which manufacture, finish and print cotton cloth. They constitute, with their 4500 operatives, the barometer of Fall River industry with its twenty mill corporations still rated as active and their 19,600 operatives. That they are called the Iron Works is typical of the way that yesterday overlaps today in Fall River. The name survives from 1821 when Bradford Durfee and Richard Borden organized the Fall River Iron Works Company for the manufacture of parts for shipbuilding. The company soon branched out into cotton manufacture. It had a hand in the first gas works, the steamboat lines and railroads. It was enormously successful and formed the backbone of the great Borden fortune. In 1880 it merged with various Borden interests into a new corporation, the American Printing Company. But in Fall River it is still the Iron Works.

How Fall River no less than the family of the boy in the corner grocery got by the hardest winter in its history remains a mystery to me. I asked the mayor, asked labor leaders, social workers and business people, but no one could tell me. Yet so far as I could discover by inquiry high and low it got by with a modicum of human suffering. Hardship—yes; but actual hunger and cold—no one would admit it. Even now, though the Iron Works are running and cash money is passing at the corner grocery, Fall River's troubles are not over. For its gutted city treasury, its idle mills, its poor, new and old, were evidence of a creeping sickness which will not be cured in a day. This spring the Commonwealth of Massachusetts assumed a ten-year control of the city's finances. A special Board of Finance has attacked the collapsed taxation system, pruned the inflated budget, slashed the municipal payroll. It will probably accomplish its purpose of making ends meet and restoring the city's credit. But while this severe treatment is under way the industrial depression, complicated by world-wide conditions in the cotton trade, lingers on. And Fall River lives by textiles and by textiles alone.

In Fall River I found two things unescapable: the Hill, with its pleasant homes rising back from the river, and the tall brick chimneys of the mills. Standing high above the mill-lined waterfront and above the squat acres of workers'

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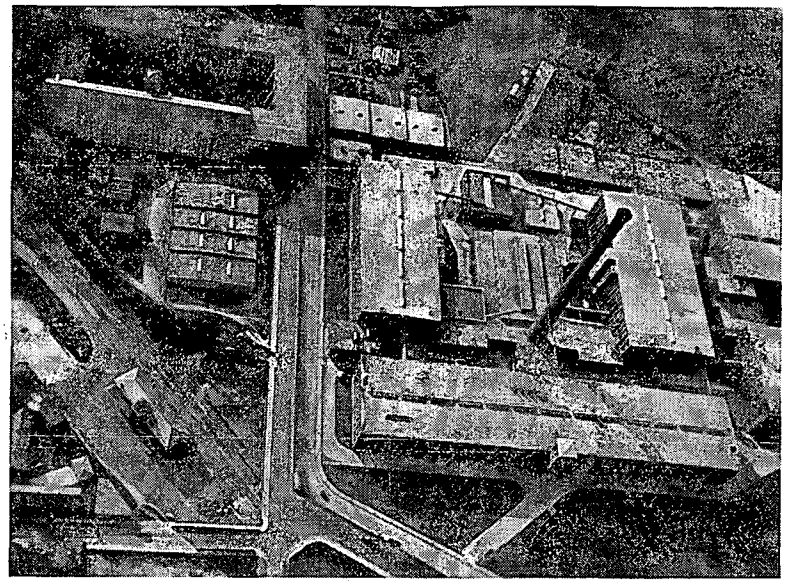
dwellings, they symbolized everything that Fall River has been and is. For Fall River is, and always has been, a one-industry town. Also it is at once an Old Family town of closely vested interests and an immigrant community subsisting on a family-wage basis. First of all then, to understand its present situation you must know the story of the Bordens and the Durfees, the Davols, the Chaces and the Braytons. They all appear in the earliest records. Bordens gained control of the water rights of the Quequechan (Falling River) a few years after the purchase from the Indians. When the present town was formed in 1803 by bringing together a number of scattered communities there were eighteen families in the village of Fall River and nine of them were Bordens. The first cotton mill was built in 1811 by a Durfee. All the Old Families married and intermarried. In a single generation three Borden girls married three Durfee boys. The clan relationship has always been powerful.



"The Iron Works," barometer of Fall River industry. Airplane view of the American Printing Company

Generally speaking the main stems of the Old Families have remained in the city of their beginnings. Some Bordens have left, notably the branch which controls the American Printing Company. They now live in New York with summer estates on the Jersey shore. Their sons play good polo and Fall River sees little of them except as business takes them there. But even so there are still sixty-nine Bordens in Fall River's slender telephone book along with thirty-nine Durfees, forty-four Chaces and seventeen Braytons.

Powerful as these families have remained industrially, recent generations have made little impress on the civic life of Fall River. Since the Civil War few of the old names have gained political prominence. Each succeeding generation has been absorbed into the development and direction of the mills. Their strengths and weaknesses are all recorded there.

Cotton manufacturing, which began on a substantial basis in 1814, brought prosperity to Fall River. Everybody worked in the mills and everybody was related to everybody else. The boom of the late '40s drew an immigration of foreigners, textile workers from England and Ireland, and the employer-employe relationship became less simple. The Old Families gradually withdrew to the Hill and entrenched themselves behind wide lawns and stone walls.

Soon after the Civil War came another boom and a further influx of foreigners, French-Canadians these, who set up neighborhoods of their own. Socially the Hill became more aloof but at the same time it drove its roots deeper into the community's industrial soil. The years '71, '72 and '73 were high marks in Fall River's fortunes. Eleven new mills were built in a single year. Profits were huge. The Old Families reinvested their gains in more and more mill property and in long rows of tenements for the operatives. As the years went on and prosperity with only minor setbacks continued, the lesser families, the professional folk and thrifty tradesmen, poured their savings into the same investments. The Bordens and Durfees had grown rich from the mills—why not the Sheas and Bouviers? Thus more and more of Fall River's eggs went into the single industrial basket. Occasionally a voice called for some diversification of industry, but it was soon drowned out by the whirr of the looms. You can hear, if you will, that the one-industry growth of Fall River was a deliberate policy, that the Old Families wanted it that way, but there seems little tangible evidence to support such a statement. Rather, a single tradition was passed on with little imagination from father to son.

Soon after the turn of the twentieth century there were warnings, had Fall River heeded them, that the supremacy of New England in the textile industry was to pass. Between 1900 and 1923 cotton manufacturing in the South increased 250 per cent; in New England only 30 per cent. Seventy per cent of the spinning equipment installed in twenty years went into the South. Then came the war years and another heyday for Fall River. All the mills ran overtime, dividends rolled in, everybody prospered. Cotton was again king and Fall River was his capital.

IN 1922-23 Fall River's population was estimated at 130,000. The town's assessed valuation was $188,086,000, an increase in five years of $58,000,000. The banner year for the mills was 1920 when their cash dividends averaged 32.77 per cent on capitalization of $33,860,000. By 1923 dividends averaged 7.81 per cent on $44,666,700 capitalization.

With its growing wealth the Hill had become increasingly detached from the civic and political life of the town which sprawled around it. The modest steeples of the New England meeting-houses were less prominent not only than the tall chimneys of the mills but than the spires which bore aloft the cross of the Catholic faith. Main Street on Saturday night, once a promenade for the cousins and the uncles and the aunts, now chattered in strange tongues. The Hill continued to hold industry in its hand, but gradually it became in spirit a New England village entirely surrounded by foreigners—foreigners still unto the third and fourth generation. The old paternalistic atmosphere was gone from the mills. They were still "Mr. Borden's mill" and "Mr. Durfee's mill," but the operatives, up to the superintendent, were "they."

In 1923 the war boom collapsed. Economic forces exerted themselves which the power of the Hill could not control. Fall River could not compete with the South in the manufacture of coarse cotton staples, its traditional product. Taxa-

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tion was lower in the South and labor laws less exacting. Massachusetts has a forty-eight-hour working week, South Carolina a fifty-five-hour and North Carolina a sixty-hour. A heavy blow came in 1924 when the American Printing Company dismantled two mills in Fall River and moved the machinery to a new plant in Kingsport, Tenn., "to be nearer the center of production as well of more plentiful and economic labor." The two plants had employed about 1000 workmen at their 100,000 spindles. That was a symbol of what was happening. In 1925 the number of active cotton spindles in the South exceeded for the first time the number in New England. By 1928 the excess was nearly five million.

One mill after another in Fall River shut down, many of them never to reopen. Dividends shrank. New capital needed to modernize the mills for the manufacture of fine goods where southern competition was not so keen, did not come to Fall River. A good deal of machinery was shipped south. More of it became obsolete and was junked. It is doubtful if very much Fall River capital has gone South; it has stayed tied up in the corpses of the old mills, gaunt grey buildings rapidly falling into decay, which dot the whole city.

In the five years between 1926 and 1931 Fall River had a net loss of approximately 1,500,000 spindles, 33,405 looms and a loss of employment to 11,210 operatives. This represented the complete suspension or sharp reduction in operation of thirty-four mills with total capital of more than $15,000,000. During the first quarter of 1931 twenty mill corporations in Fall River were counted as active. Only two of them declared dividends. The American Printing Company, its stock closely held by the Borden family, makes no public financial statement but local gossip put its losses last year at $1,500,000.

Of course this upset of Fall River's single industrial basket smashed a good many eggs. The Hill felt it keenly. Fewer of its young men are in Harvard. There are not so many spruce maids behind the immaculate New England doorways. The general crisis hit the lesser folk too. Old gentlemen who thought they had retired are back in their offices or stores. Old ladies have a paying guest or two. House after house bears a "For Sale" sign. The security which the Hill, serene and aloof, enjoyed for a century has slipped from under it.

Parallel with the story of the Hill and its Old Families and equally important to an understanding of Fall River's present situation, runs the story of the "foreigners," the English and Irish, French-Canadians, Portuguese and Italians who manned the mills and who built up a community life as remote from the Hill as the villages of Quebec or Calabria are remote from New England.

When in the late '40s Fall River's mills outgrew a family affair, the first operatives to be brought in settled down with little dislocation to the established community life. Immigrant men, women and children worked side by side in the mills from five o'clock in the morning till half past seven at night. The pay ranged from eighty-three cents to a dollar a day, scarcely enough to build up reserves against the inevitable slowing down of industry. When this happened whole masses of the population were literally thrown on the town. In 1857 Mayor Borden was obliged to institute public works at the cemetery and the poor farm at ten cents an hour to provide relief for the unemployed, a scheme of work relief not very different from that instituted under the Prosser Committee in New York in 1931. New England always has a penchant for social improvisations! When with the great expansion of the mills in the boom of the early '70s, French-Canadians came in great numbers for the less skilled and lower paid work, they brought their churches and institutions with them, their big families and their standard of living. The wage scale was low—it has always been low in Fall River—chiefly because the coarse goods produced by the mills did not require much skilled labor.

OF course there were labor troubles. The Hill blamed the "foreigners" and the "foreigners" blamed the Hill. But Fall River strikes have never caused the violent convulsions that some other New England textile centers have known. They have been rather intimate home-town affairs, without encouragement from any quarter to outside agitators. In retrospect they become almost friendly, with nicknames attached to them. There was, for instance, the Great Vacation of 1875 when the operatives decided to lay off as a curtailment rather than to accept a cut in pay. At the end of the four-weeks holiday the manufacturers decided on an extension and made it a lockout for five weeks more. The Mule Spinners' Association, first organized in 1858, was the only union to survive. The Strike of '79 was more severe

"Foreigners still, even unto the third and fourth generation"

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with strike-breakers coming into the picture. "It was terrible," a snowy haired lady of the Hill told me. "I can remember that one day my mother's carriage was stopped on Main Street." In 1904 came the Six Months Strike, the longest and worst the city had ever known. But there was little violence. James Tansy, president of the Textile Council of Fall River and labor leader there for thirty-eight years, says that during the Six Months Strike there were fewer arrests for disorder than in the six months that preceded or followed it.

The Fall River operatives are for the most part organized, but some of their unions are much stronger than others. They belong to the United Textile Workers of America, which in turn is a member of the American Federation of Labor. They put up, they believe, with a great deal because, says Mr. Tansy, "we are essentially a peaceable people and we have great fortitude."

AS the years passed the early English and Irish immigrants were assimilated into the general community but the French-Canadians established themselves in Flint village, a sparsely settled farming district, with their own shops and newspaper, their own French-speaking institutions. When further expansion called for more hands in the mills a new immigration of Italians, Portuguese and Poles came in for the unskilled jobs bringing a lower standard of living and setting up neighborhoods of their own in the least desirable tenement districts.

The upshot was that Fall River continued a family-wage town. Only the work of women and children disguised the poverty of its household earnings. When in 1911 the United States Department of Labor made its study of women and children in industry it said of Fall River, "In the entire study there was not an individual found whose earnings were sufficient to support a normal family according to a fair standard."

Of course the war years brought higher wages as they brought higher everything else. Taking the average of the years 1912 to 1916 as a base of 100, wage rates paid for weaving print cloth in Fall River had risen by 1921 to 269. In 1928 they had dropped to 200. In 1930 they were still lower.

In February of this year the average weekly wage in nineteen Fall River plants was $17.83. Eleven miles away in New Bedford, it was $18.50. In Lowell it was $18.38 and in Lawrence $23.80. And at that time half of the Fall River operatives were idle from the shutting down or curtailing of operations.

IN 1922-23 Fall River had an estimated population of 130,000 of which 37,000 were wage-earners in 264 industrial establishments. In 1930 its population was just over 115,000 with 19,690 wage-earners. Of course property values suffered from this shrinkage in population and in industrial activity in these eight years. Abandoned mills have small value. Empty tenements depreciate rapidly. Everything contracted except the cost of city government and that boomed merrily. With industrial activity and property values sinking the city tax bill, between 1923 and 1928, increased by a total of more than $1,700,000.

Once the second generation of French-Canadians had become voters, the political control of the town switched to "foreigners." Fall River is nearly 85 per cent Catholic, which is the Hill's measure of the dominance of the "foreigners." It is also the Hill's alibi for municipal shortcomings. "After all we are only 15 per cent. What can we do about it?"

It would serve no purpose here to trace the tangled political trail that led to Fall River's present financial plight. For years assessed valuations were juggled to obtain a low tax rate and at the same time to cover increased expenditures. As early as 1921 the mills began fighting what they regarded as excessive valuations, beginning a series of litigations which have cost the city millions in tax abatements. The mills were powerful enough to gain some redress but the small property-owner was helpless. Driven to the wall by the collapse of rents and the shrinkage of business he simply stopped paying taxes. In 1927 tax collections dropped to 66 per cent. On January 1, 1931 only 59 per cent of the 1930 levy had been paid. Of $3,500,000 of 1927 to 1930 taxes uncollected on that date over $1,000,000 is considered uncollectable because of bankruptcy or complete disappearance of values. Little if anything can be realized on tax titles.

Fall River pyramided its debts until last November. Then it faced its day of reckoning. Tax anticipation notes totaling $3,000,000 came due and were protested in November and February. Other notes amounting to $1,630,000 were due in March. And the cupboard was bare. In December the city was unable to float an emergency loan of $80,000 to meet demands for relief pouring in on its Public Welfare Department. Local banks were making week-by-week loans to cover the payroll. It was obvious that unless something happened quickly the city would default its obligations. And that is something which simply is not done in Massachusetts.

SO a committee of bankers went to Boston and spread all the cards on the governor's table. Financial experts were called in and a bill was drafted which created a special Board of Finance with complete control over Fall River's expenditures for ten years. The legislature acted promptly and on February 21 Governor Ely named the new board: Frank J. Donahue, Boston attorney and chairman of the Democratic State Committee; James Jackson, Boston banker, former state treasurer, and chairman of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the American Red Cross; and James A. Burke, Jr., of Fall River. Mr. Burke did not last long. No home-town man could. He resigned and Governor Ely, after considerable difficulty in finding a local man, appointed Joseph A. Wallace, vice-principal of the highschool. Mr. Jackson, keen eyed, suave, rock-ribbed realist in finance, is the member Fall River has come to know best.

Thus it was that on February 21, 1931 Fall River entered on its Drastic Decade. It was bitter medicine for everybody. And yet one suspects certain subconscious compensations. Old Fall River, the Hill, saw the havoc as wrought by the new ways of the new people, saw the city's plight and its humiliation as a result of the extravagance that built technical highschools and established kindergartens for the children of the "foreigners." New Fall River, the "foreigners," checked the trouble back to mismanagement of the town's industry, to the exploitation of the mills under favorable conditions and to "throwing them away" under unfavorable, to "Harvard graduates," sons and nephews and sons-in-law of the Old Families placed in high executive positions in the

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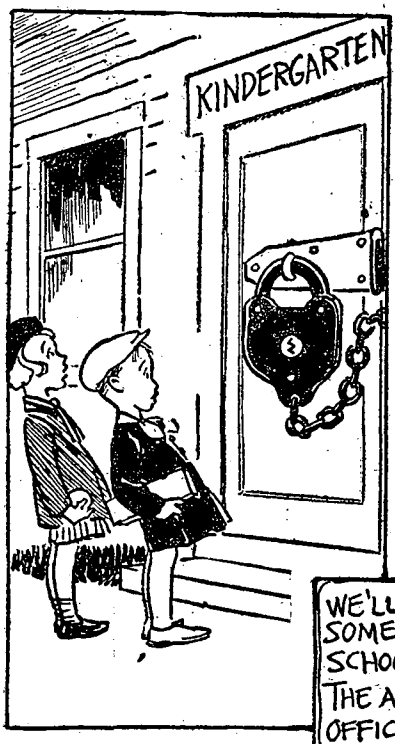


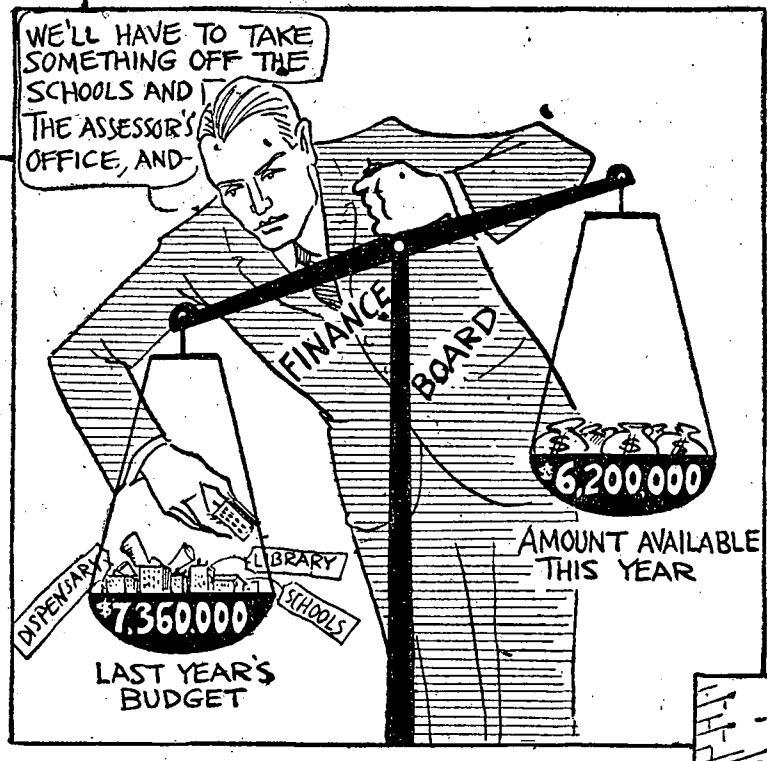
present immediately a financial plan which would restore public confidence so that the city could borrow to refund its pressing obligations.

In addition to these deep and ingrown financial problems the Board found an acute unemployment situation on its doorstep. Last winter was the worst Fall River has ever known. The Iron Works closed in June 1930. Other mills either closed or kept just enough people at work to prevent deterioration of machinery. By early autumn the number of unemployed was estimated at 12,000—no actual count was ever made. The so-called "new industries" which the Chamber of Commerce has tried to entice to Fall River made scarcely a dent. The Chamber claims that there are thirty-eight of these employing upwards of 4800 persons. But no one talks about them much. They seem to be, with certain honorable exceptions, offshoots of the New York garment trades which settle themselves in the abandoned mills and employ workers at a wage that is nobody's business. Labor leaders invoke the Minimum Wage Law, but at its best this law possesses no teeth except publicity and this is little feared by the majority of such industrialists. By the time the State Labor Department exercises such power as it has the "new industry" has, as often as not, folded up its tent and departed.

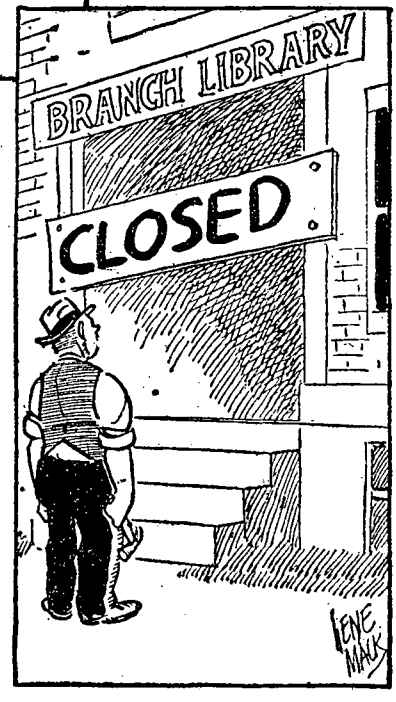
From September on Fall River ate deep into its scanty reserves, public and private. Savings accounts were depleted in 1930 by $1,213,146, which is a lot of money in Fall River. The pressure for city poor relief increased alarmingly. In 1929 the expenditure for outdoor relief, exclusive of salaries, was $340,947. In 1930 it was $535,217. In addition the municipal hospitals, general, tuberculosis and contagious, had a deficit of over $300,000. The city has an antiquated relief system involving grocery, coal and shoe orders, free medicines and a little cash. Its Board of Public Welfare has not been aggressive in administration or in developing policies. Its agent, Maj. F. W. Harrison, who inherited his $3500 job from his father, has for forty-two years gone along very comfortably in the established ways. When the situation broke last fall the waters simply closed over his head. A long line of applicants stretched from his office door back and forth through dark corridors, down dingy stairs and out to the street. What could he do, he asked, but hand out the grocery and coal orders so urgently demanded?

The relief bill mounted steadily. In January it reached $59,479, in February $74,813. Families took what they could get, generally five or six dollars a week with an occasional pair of shoes and half a ton of coal. Major Harrison did not like the system any more than anyone else did. The weary lines of waiting men, women and children, the old, the infirm and the mother's aid cases all mixed in with the rest, distressed him keenly. It is to his credit that soon after the overwhelming first rush he managed, with a little outside help, to bring about a degree of order, to stagger the load of applicants and to reduce the waiting time.

There, in Major Harrison's office, the Board of Finance found one of the biggest drains on city funds. The law of (*Cont. on page* 360)



Trying to Balance the Scales
Cartoons by Gene Mack in The Boston Globe



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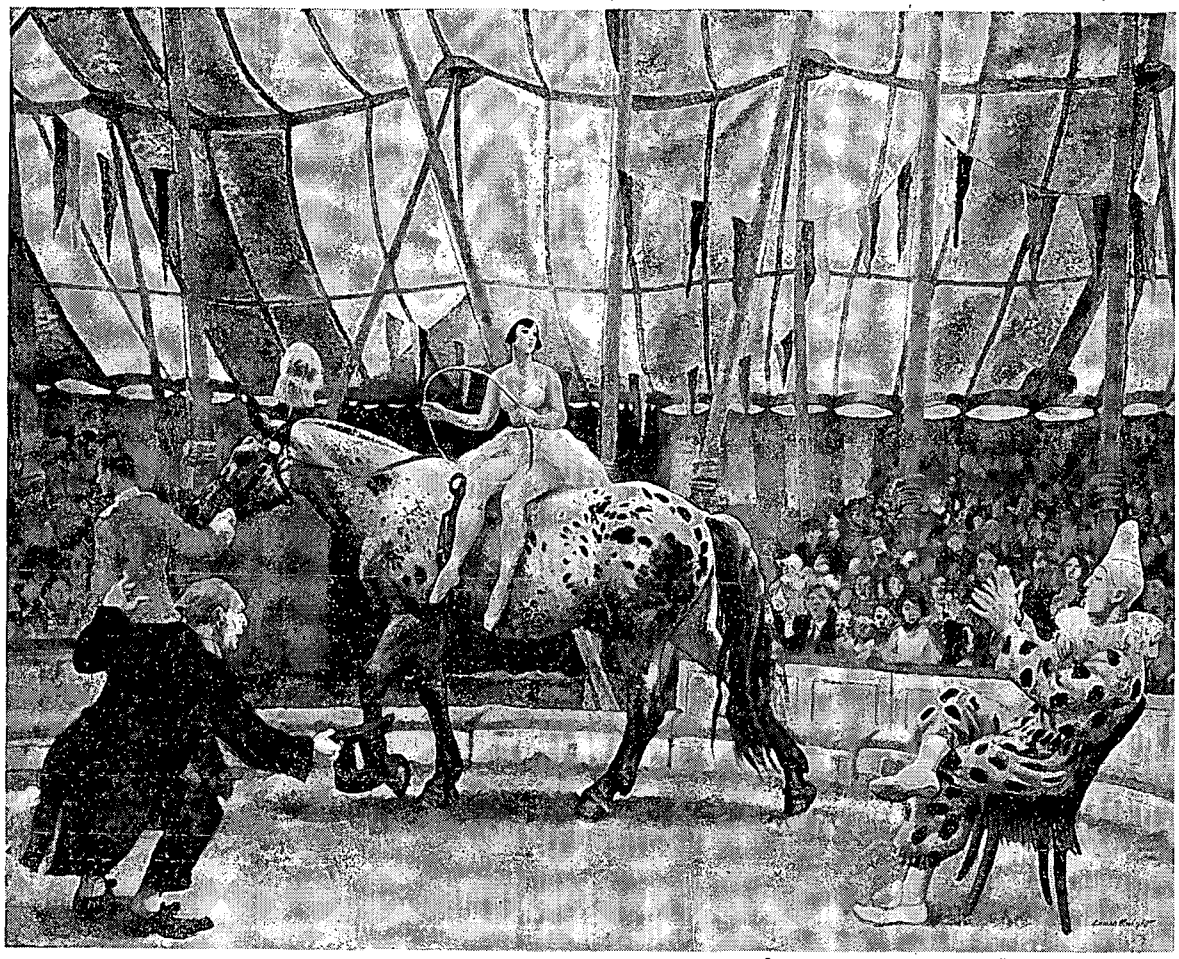

Courtesy Howard Young Galleries, New York

THE TRICK ACT

La-dies and Gentlemen!

IF the gay bunting and pennants, the magnificent horses, the caged beasts of the jungle, tarlatan skirts, grotesque clowns—all the miscellany of the big top, transports the most sober of us into a world of fantasy, how much its color, action and variety have to offer the artist. Laura Knight, of the English Academy, Dame Laura, Dame Commander of the Civil Division of the British Empire, assembled over sixty paintings of the circus for her first American show this year—which could be regarded in the land of Barnum as carrying coals to Newcastle but which proved to be a lively experience for the spectator. Everything seemed to be there but the smells and the calliope. She captured both the spectacle and the behind-the-scenes intimacies. The work of Dame Laura and her husband, Howard Knight, is as familiar to those who attend the Carnegie International exhibitions as it is to the summer crowds at Burlington House in London. (Howard Knight's moving portrait of the Baltimore children's surgeon, reproduced as a frontispiece in our special issue on the cost of medical care, made a strong appeal to many Survey readers)—F. L. K.

THE RING MASTER

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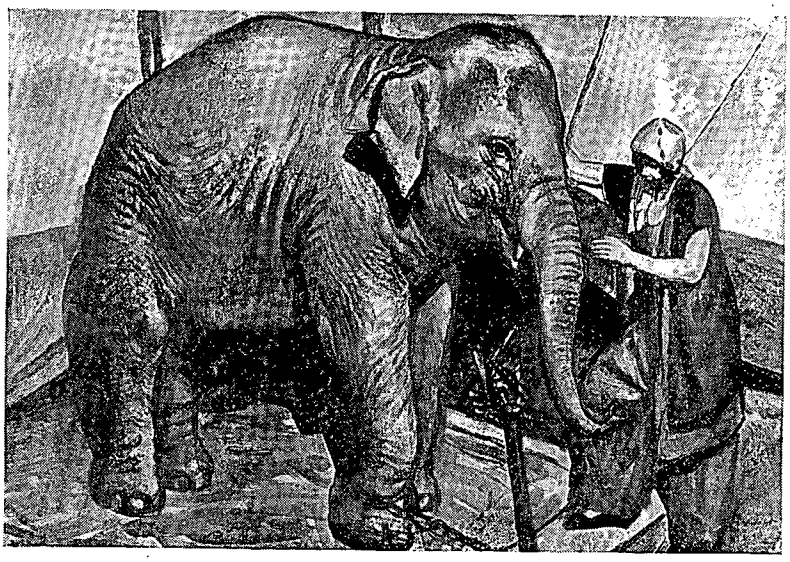
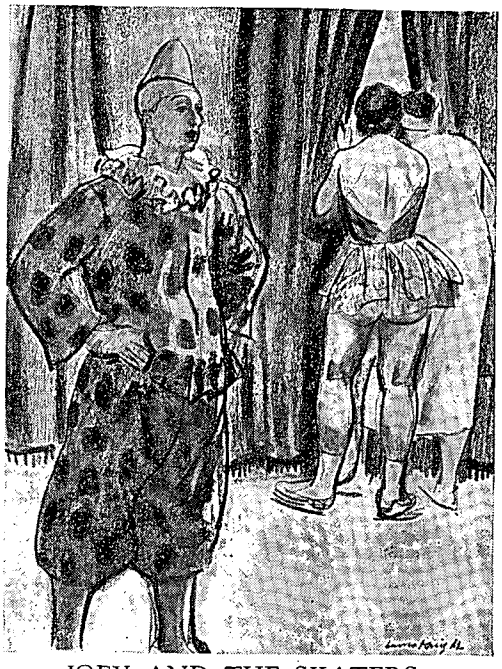
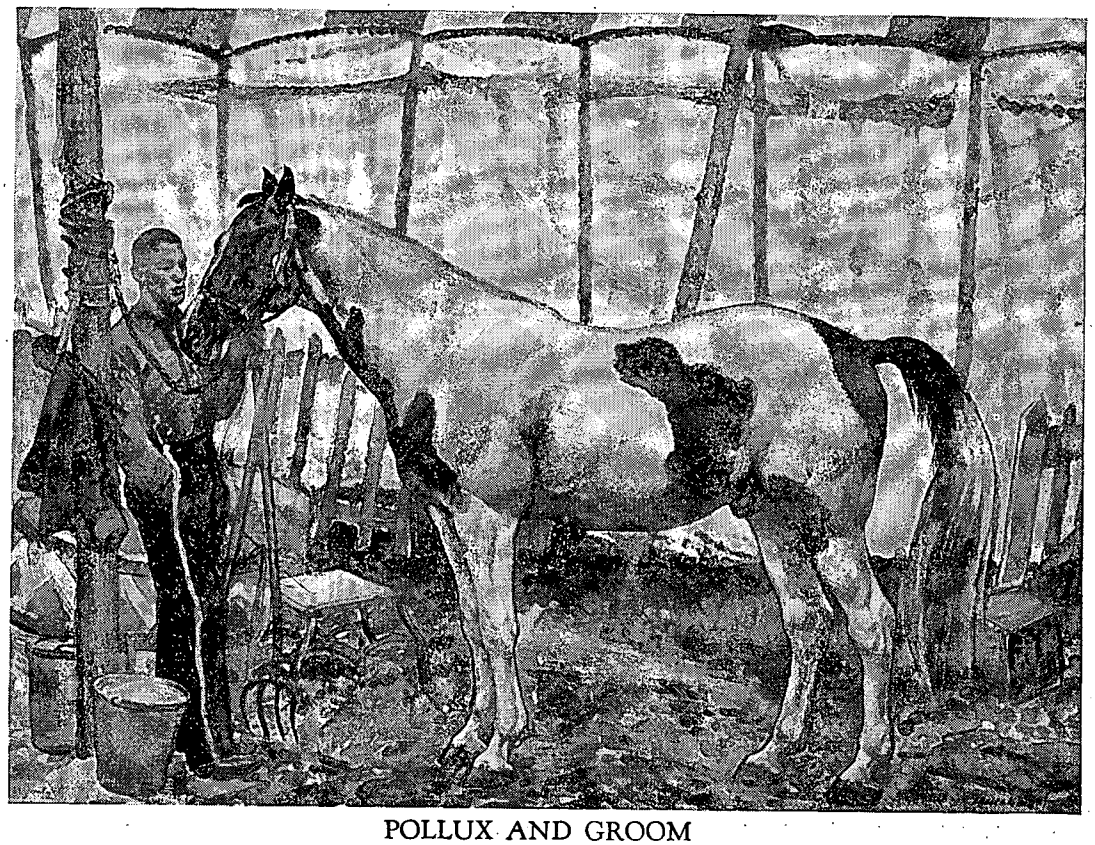


BABY ELEPHANT



JOEY AND THE SKATERS



POLLUX AND GROOM

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Past Charity, Present Vanity

Medical Service and the Middle Class

By RICHARDS M. BRADLEY

FROM the earliest days of systematized social science, all possible emphasis has been placed upon the difference between the doping dollar and the enabling dollar. The doping dollar used merely for relief puts a premium upon failure and neglect, while the enabling dollar puts in motion the forces of self-support. When we drive the lusty beggar from his post on the street corner we plume ourselves on our accomplishment. Unfortunately, however, the beggar is still on the job, masquerading in strange disguises, often so effective as to deceive even the elect. He is forever being rediscovered still passing the hat when he ought to be sawing wood. In the present instance we find him dressed up as the wealthy and benevolent hospital trustee who, in his institutional capacity, ought to be earning his living by serving the middle classes at fair cost of production. Instead of that he is calling for bounty in place of business and promoting charity at the cost of service.

Hospital service to the middle classes is an acknowledged failure. We have been looking for the cause of that failure with the trustees' assistance. We have sought it in hospital management and among doctors and nurses, but these elements are found to be reasonably competent, hardworking and none too wealthy. The trouble is somewhere else. It is high time for a Nathan to arise and say, "Thou art the man, O King"; even at the risk of *lèse majesté*—for verily *the main trouble is with the trustee.* He might be called the villain. He is, however, only a kindly and fallible human being, a bit blinded by the halo of his own benevolence and laboring under the mistaken idea that because he is giving a certain portion of his time and much money to a "noble work," he is also contributing sufficient of his good business brains. That is exactly what he is *not* giving to the financial policy of the institutions which he controls, and the result is failure.

The failure of the trustees comes from accepting things as they are handed down to him, instead of thinking the situation out as a business man should on the basis of present-day conditions. Medieval traditions still cling obstinately to our oldest and largest hospitals; in some cases they have been riveted on by ancient charters. Innumerable newer hospitals, clinics and nursing associations have been following in their footsteps and our trustee unconsciously joins in the antiquated procession.

When hospitals were first started there were, by and large, only two classes, the rich and the very poor. The great mass of the people had no margin above bare subsistence. If anything at all was to be done to save the sick they had to be taken out of the hovel and into the hospital, to be cared for through the generosity of the lord of the manor or of his lady bountiful.

This was all right for those times, but conditions have changed. Speaking in the economic sense, we have now a great middle class, the backbone of our whole economic and social system. A large part of the resources of this country are now in the hands of this middle class. Their requirements in medical service are enormous, amounting to one or two billion dollars a year. To provide this service is a substantial and practical job. Yet a large part of the organized and available means of filling their order is still in the hands of people who are expected to make charity or the scientific study of disease their main objective rather than service to the generality of independent citizens; and to pass the hat for the deficit. What we need is to have the trustees make the service of the middle classes self-supporting by charging cost of production; financing their customer, if need be; and collecting the money with which to go on and do further necessary work, just as they would in any other business. The call is for business and service, the cost of which has recently been shown to amount to approximately 2.4 per cent of the national income.

PROTECT YOUR FAMILY AND YOUR SAVINGS
DO NOT PUT OFF YOUR HOSPITAL INSURANCE
The Family Doctor: "We have got to face an operation. There is no other way out. Are you insured?"

A poster of the Thompson Benefit Association for Hospital Service, Brattleboro, Vermont

As things are in this year 1931, the middle classes too often are not only deprived of the full service to which they are entitled but also in many of our larger communities they are taxed outrageously whenever they get service for the support of a pauperized medicinal system administered on medieval principles. This kind of injustice shows itself in many forms, but the fundamental wrong is the same, whether in hospital or clinic or nursing association. The throat clinic that brings more and more children into the hospital where free service is exacted from the surgeon, leaves fewer and fewer cases to pay an undue share of the support of that surgeon; and thus the middle class is taxed to support misdirected benevolence. The clerk whose home is taxed for the enlargement of the free city hospital that

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he does not use, is another victim. That hospital is filled without any reasonable discrimination, with no limit but overcrowding; many persons are forced into it for lack of appropriate service elsewhere. Medical pauperization of one part of the community against their will and over-charging of the other part, proceed apace, while political medicine continually gains ground as the only visible alternative to a breakdown of the whole inefficient system. The same process is rapidly being introduced into organized dentistry. The more money eminent institutions receive to enable them to increase this kind of economic distortion, the worse it will be for the whole community. They have received already more than enough, if properly used, for purely charitable purposes.

BUT there is a better way, examples of which can be found though they in turn are crippled and handicapped by the economic errors of misdirected charity. A short distance away from the lusty beggar (in his corporate capacity) passing the hat and calling for more and more lest he starve, we sometimes find the enabling dollar in operation doing the work of very many doping dollars. One hospital that I know does eighty thousand dollars worth of work as the result of twelve thousand enabling dollars in gifts and endowments. This is six times the accomplishment of the doping dollar contributed to the free hospital a few miles away. One nursing association that I knew got only some 13 per cent of its receipts from paying patients; in another only 20 per cent of the patients did *not* pay and the two did the same kind of work. The best record I know is that of a nursing association which does some $330,000 worth of useful work for the sick in a year, through contributions and endowments of about eighty thousand dollars annually. This is accomplished simply by enabling existing forces of self-help quietly to do their work instead of contributing to the disintegration of those same forces by unnecessary free services.

Where money galore is being thrown in; where the force at the service factory is as a whole competent and, if anything, is underpaid; when the public is overcharged or not well served for lack of means, it is then time to look into the selling end. Excessive charges for those who pay are not the whole trouble. Many hospitals are crippled by not charging enough and by not collecting what they charge. The cause of this failure is that the middle-class customer who uses hospital service often needs to be financed if he is to pay cost of production. When confronted by a medical or surgical emergency he has to meet a big and unexpected expense which usually comes only once or twice in a lifetime. His condition resembles that of a man who has to buy a new house or rebuild after a fire. It has long been recognized in the business world that in handling such kinds of business, insurance is an essential element. The whole mortgage-loan system of our savings banks is built on that assumption and could not exist a year without insurance. This hospital customer needs financing far more than the instalment purchaser. If he were buying a motor, or furniture, or an electric refrigerator, business management would quickly see to it that he was properly financed. Yet as a rule the hospital trustee has hardly even thought of such a thing. In this respect he is not a far-sighted business guide.

True, there are difficulties in his way, as in most industries. Insurance is evidently essential, but this kind of insurance is something to which the large insurance companies as a rule have not cared to extend their activities. They are absorbed in other valuable services and the risks of imposition and the expenses of adjustment have hitherto been found too large to make sickness insurance worth their while. There are, however, certain kinds of insurance that can be carried on by groups where personal knowledge makes imposition difficult and inexpedient and renders adjustments comparatively easy. Group organization can meet an individual's hospital emergencies just as it has met other individual distress through credit unions and cooperative loan associations. The hospital need not do this work itself any more than the savings bank need organize fire insurance companies, but it is essential that the trustee recognize that this is an essential adjunct to the hospital's business and that he should govern his actions accordingly, as he surely would were he confronted by similar circumstances in conducting any other industry.

Practical experience has shown that this policy is entirely feasible. For the past four years a group of people in Brattleboro, Vermont, organized as the Thompson Benefit Association for Hospital Service, have been making annual payments of $10 a family or $5 an individual to insure themselves up to a total of $300 a year against hospital costs, surgeons' fees and other expenses of operations costing more than $30. Their payments also cover half of the hospital expenses in illness requiring hospital care but not involving an operation. At the present time the plan includes approximately 135 families and 155 single persons. No insuperable difficulties have been encountered and immense relief has been afforded, covering a large part of the ordinary man's emergencies.

Mere payment of insurance money, however, will do the beneficiary little good so long as the present chaotic and unjust arrangement of charges exists. Needed service must be available, as it is in Brattleboro, in one or more responsible institutions at definite prices, or service must be furnished by cooperative buying through an expert who will see that the money procures what the patient is entitled to.

LONGER and wider experience is needed to find out just what this sort of insurance costs. In Brattleboro the expense of covering hospital and surgical charges incurred by members of the group has been a little more than fifty cents per month per person insured. Current investigations by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care will be of great value in helping to determine rates for hospital charges and individual benefit insurance payments, though costs surely will vary for different years and different localities. Knowledge of exact costs, however, is neither attainable nor necessary. A very small reserve fund is sufficient to make up the difference between correct and incorrect guessing as to the insurance rate. At the time the Brattleboro Association was started, the Thompson Trust, with which I am associated, set aside $1500 to serve as a guarantee for starting the fund, and I recommend the contribution of similar funds to benefit associations of this type as the most effective form of using the enabling dollar.

Similar methods are used in Brattleboro to pay for graduate and attending nursing of the sick in their homes at a cost within reach of any ordinary family. In that instance the payments are made largely self-adjusting by having the benefit cover only half the nurse's charge. I believe that the benefit payments can safely be made to cover two thirds of the graduate nurses' charge and (*Continued on page* 369)

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Country Roads—Modern Style

By FRANK A. WAUGH

THERE are upwards of 2,000,000 miles of public roads in the United States, of which 1,999,999 miles, figuratively speaking, were designed for hauling hogs to market. In brief, these highways have been built for purely utilitarian purposes, with utility defined as narrowly as the straight gate where very few squeeze through. Up to the present time every road, with rare exceptions, has been built for freight; and every legislator who votes money for roads and every engineer who spends the money, acts as though that one purpose were the only one which a sober man could consider.

Yet recently a great discovery has broken through. A certain number of persons with their minds open have noticed that human beings actually use the highways for pleasure. This thought, once examined, leads to the startling conclusion that pleasure travel far surpasses freight hauling on most country roads. On many roads, joy-riding, in this mild and proper sort, almost monopolizes the right-of-way.

Someone studying the tourist business (and it is a real business) has estimated that at least 40,000,000 persons in 10,000,000 cars take to the road annually as tourists. If we guess that each car on tour makes an average trip of 500 miles, and that's a pretty conservative guess, we figure it out at five-billion car-miles per annum for this little motor nation. Perhaps U. S. A. means United States of Automobilia!

The Dells, Littleton, New Hampshire highway observation

Yet this takes account of touring tourists only. In my own family the automobile does a thousand miles of pleasure driving about our own neighborhood for every hundred miles of touring, and I think this practice is typical. The ordinary farmer, professional or business man who works hard for a living may make a brief tour during his vacation, but all the rest of the year he delights to take his wife and babies for a little jog about the country after supper. These after-supper trips may be 10 or 20 miles each, but they add up heavily in the course of the year.

So a good many humorous persons have learned to see that the country highways are full of beauty and inspiration and have quite other possibilities in addition to their original uses in getting logs to the sawmill. And these new purposes, once perceived or even before they are perceived, lead to many astonishing and delightful changes. Historically the first thing that happened was the planting of roadside trees. There is a lot of that being done yet. Many communities are still in the tree-planting stage. Massachusetts, for example, has elaborate laws and regulations for the election of tree-wardens and the ordering of their labors. A tree-warden is an important officer and doesn't bow even to the selectmen. Throughout the country there are many of these tree departments attached to the state highway commissions. They are to plant trees and prune them and spray them with high-power sprayers; and sometimes when they find a lineman from the telephone company cutting off the head of a fine maple they say, "Hi there! Sir, what are you doing?" They rarely go any further than that, however.

Still, tree planting along the public roads has become politically respectable. Any member of the legislature can vote a thousand dollars to the tree department without endangering his re-election. He may even brag about it, especially when he makes a speech to the woman's club. The state highway departments can do a good deal for the trees without getting the state auditor and a legislative investigating committee after them. This is evidence of progress.

But there is a long way still to go. A good many towns, counties, and states are showing the way.

Connecticut, for example, where the state highway department has established a landscape division. This recognizes the fact that modern road improvement is concerned directly and drastically with landscape architecture, that is to say with the improvement of the scenery. A recent semi-official report from this landscape division enumerates their activities as cleaning of excess brush and weeds, grading raw slopes and planting with shrubbery, vines and grass, removal of thousands of illegal signs, preservation of native flora, creation of "highway gardens," provision of parking spaces at points of special interest, and the development of picnic grounds. Nothing very revolutionary in that, but a good deal to make motoring in Connecticut more agreeable.

The "highway gardens" deserve a word of special explanation. The most boneheaded wayfarers have noticed that

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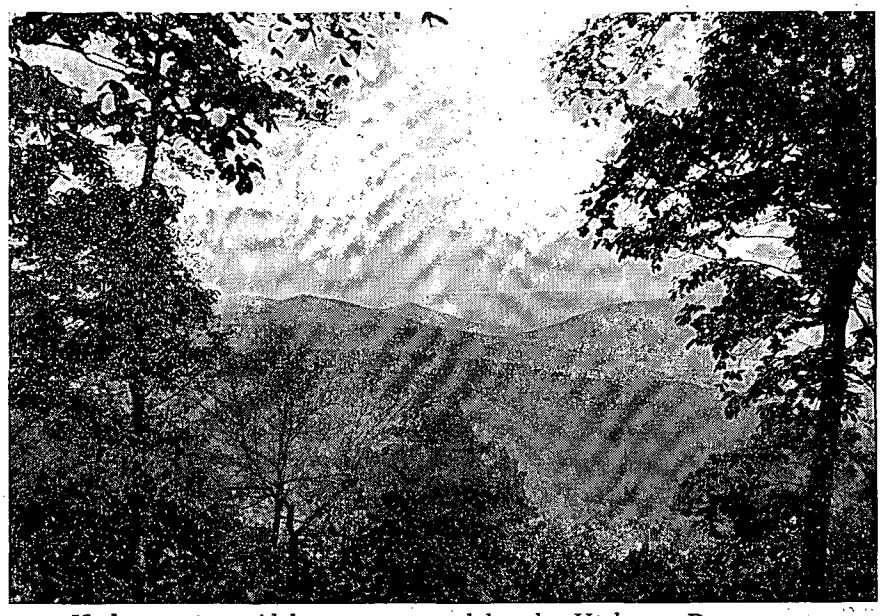
when new highways are built and little curves straightened out to big ones there are left over frequent bits of land between the old lines and the new. In other parts of the country these are simply charged up to profit and loss. They are forgotten. Only the weeds do not forget them, so that they presently blossom with burdocks or fireweed according to their natural ecology. Now the Connecticut idea is simply to save them for the users of the highway. They are planted to native trees and attractive shrubs or to native flowering species like asters and goldenrods, or they are (especially the small ones) merely graded and seeded down to grass.

This may be a new kind of landscape architecture, a novelty in highway engineering, or a fresh outbreak of socialism, depending on how you look at it. But it is a safe bet that the home folks, who look at it from the family auto without prejudice of any color, will simply thank the man who made their daily drive by so much pleasanter.



Highway vista, Alabama, preserved by the Highway Department

What seems to me, however, to be the most splendid discovery of the century is the idea brought forth independently and almost simultaneously in New Hampshire and Oregon. This idea is not merely the suggestion of some impractical artist; it has got quite beyond that and has been embodied in law. This idea, in brief, is to add to the public highway the adjacent and appertaining scenery.

The sum and substance of these laws is simply that the state is empowered to acquire title, by gift or purchase, to lands along the state highway whenever such premises may have scenic value and to protect and administer them as a part of the road property. From the nature of topography it often turns out that man's traffic way is laid along the course of nature's waterway. Where the stream comes down the road goes up. The "water-level route" has long been the ideal of the road engineers. Yet this wholly practical consideration correlates itself immediately with the most fine-spun esthetic demands, for the company of the stream is the human passenger's greatest delight. No scenery could be more certainly beautiful than the panorama of the brook or the river.

Yet in the ordinary states, other than Oregon and New Hampshire, the stream and the highroad are two separate identities and cannot be united. How much better the New Hampshire way! Here a half-mile of singing brook, there a stretch of shady forest, yonder the shore of a placid lake are taken over and kept forever for the enjoyment of the clever natives and their delighted guests. At last reports 22 of these roadside reservations had been established in New Hampshire, several by gift, several by purchases from town funds. Philip Ayres says the Granite State will eventually have 1000 such scenic decorations attached to her road system.

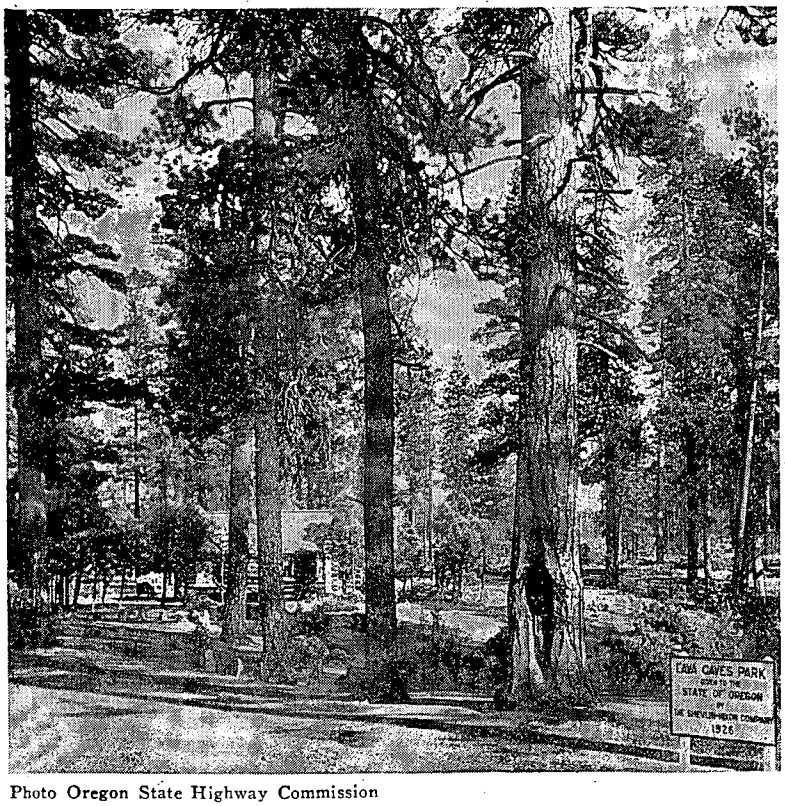


Photo Oregon State Highway Commission

The Dalles-California Highway, one of the Oregon State Highway Parks

The Oregonians are still more ambitious. They contemplate a series of small state parks developing as a part of the state highway mechanism. Though the law is barely two years old an energetic policy on the part of the state authorities has already acquired and dedicated some 20 tracts notable for their scenery and for their public convenience.

This sort of thing of course verges on state parks. Looked at one way—the usual way—state parks have nothing to do with the road system, but looked at the new way there is found to be a vital connection. For if the state roads are all dressed up there must be somewhere to go. That is, if those roads are for pleasure—to take people where they want to go. Of course if the roads are for the hogs—to haul hogs to market—then the stockyard is their only terminus. But when people put in 20 gallons

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of gasoline and an automobile tent it is plain that they want to camp somewhere and enjoy the scenery. The state parks offer the objectives and the roads lead the way.

The multiplication of state parks is one of the most astonishing expressions of modern civilization throughout the United States and Canada. Whole chapters could be written about them, and ought to be; but we are writing about the modern roads which are not parks in name and only partly so in function, even in Oregon.

ALL this awakening has its repercussions in other fields. The minute that people understand that the roads exist for pleasure even more than for business and that that pleasure feeds mainly on the beauty of the countryside, then it becomes plain that whatever besmirches the beauty of the roadside is a palpable offense against society. The billboards get the first impact of this discovery. They are so obvious a blot on the landscape, so clear an invasion of common rights, so abominable an expression of private gain and public loss, that no long impeachment is necessary. The only defense is that they are business—legitimate business. But when someone begins to figure that the tourist trade is business too, with a wider spread and a grander total (a recent estimate has placed the sum at $3,300,000,000 per annum) it looks silly to maintain the billboards any longer against their manifest threat to the goose of the golden eggs.

And so the new laws which have been made in Massachusetts and New York State and the promising campaign started by the women of North Carolina and backed by Governor Gardner, and the organization of the National Council for the Protection of Roadside Beauty and the long-continued fight of the American Civic Association are all parts of a great movement to rid America of this incredible nuisance. It is particularly stimulating to find one of the great national corporations, itself lately an extensive billboard advertiser, sponsoring an effective campaign of its own to the same end. Their slogan is, "Shall we have scenic or sign-ic highways?"

Well, what do you say?

For these many years the fight has been waged to kill this public pest by law. Society has been slowly closing in on the enemy billboard but has not yet annihilated it, though the end is only a question of time. Massachusetts really has the best law—if it could only be enforced. It provides for the control of roadside advertising by the Department of Public Works and in terms which would soon exchange billboards for scenery throughout the Bay State. Naturally the bill-posters are fighting this law with all the legal talent which desperation and money can command so that for ten years, by one form of injunction and another, they have been able to stay the execution of sentence. But some day Massachusetts will win the control of her own roads and roadsides, after which all other states who are not sooner enfranchised in their own rights, will follow suit. And presently we shall all look out again upon those rocks and rills, those woods and templed hills, which our forefathers also fought to preserve.

But the billboards are not the only highway nuisance. Unfortunately not. There are the hot-dog stands. The places where they sell barbecues, chewing gum, postcards, temperance drinks and sometimes drinks which are not so temperance. The "farm" stands where they offer wormy apples and cigarettes grown on the premises. The "amusement parks" with their chained bear cubs, their merry-go-rounds, their dance halls, their rural dives. As one disgusted motorist said, "All the main thoroughfares have become linear slums."

Do the farmers like this sort of thing? Do they like to have their legitimate roadside stands and their honest home-grown produce compete with these pestilential joints? Do the country people stand for it? Does anybody want the state highways to fester like that? Hardly!

What are we going to do about it? In Massachusetts we tried to get through a zoning law, like the city zoning ordinances, which might give us some control. We haven't got it yet, but some day we will. Meanwhile Westchester County, New York, has solved the problem on a big scale. For be it known Westchester County lies close to New York City in a highly urbanized region where billboards and dog-stand slums are inclined to be especially virulent. Here the expedient has been adopted of buying the roadside along with the roadway, including both in the road system. These parkways, for that is actually what they are, may be 300 to 400 feet wide, varying according to topography and property lines, thus including the whole area customarily defiled. The result is said to be salutary. Whereas the ordinary state road in suburban regions tends to depress land values rather seriously, the Westchester County country boulevards provide delightful sites for residences, apartment houses, hotels and other solid and legitimate business fronting on the parkways. The appreciation of adjoining real estate is sometimes sufficient to pay for the whole works.

ALONG with the state parks and roadside parks already described have come other improvements to make the road more engaging to the public taste. For example, historical monuments and reservations. Several of the houses where Lafayette slept and George Washington had his headquarters have been preserved, sometimes restored, marked and made accessible to respectable visitors. Perhaps the most notable example in this category should be Mr. Ford's restoration of the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Massachusetts, but there are many, many others. The D. A. R.'s and the historical societies have been busy, titles have been taken to all sorts of good relics, signs have been placed giving information, caretakers have been put in charge to see that strangers are welcomed. Doesn't that make the motor trip more interesting?

Of course every once in a while some enthusiast breaks out, as Sam Lancaster did in Oregon, and throwing all "practical" consideration to the breezes, makes a real scenic symphony like the Columbia River Highway. Some half-million visitors a year go to see it and Oregon is as proud of it as a schoolma'am of a new diamond ring. El Camino Real in California is another example, and there's a delightful show drive in the edge of the Rocky Mountains just west of Canyon City. There might be and should be a thousand others; but what we mainly want is to make the most of the common landscape all along the country roads everywhere.

Why don't we do it? The inhibition, I am convinced, lies in a false psychology. The notion still prevails that the public highways are built for hauling freight, that scenery is not a merchantable commodity and that, therefore, the development of roadside (*Continued on page* 373)

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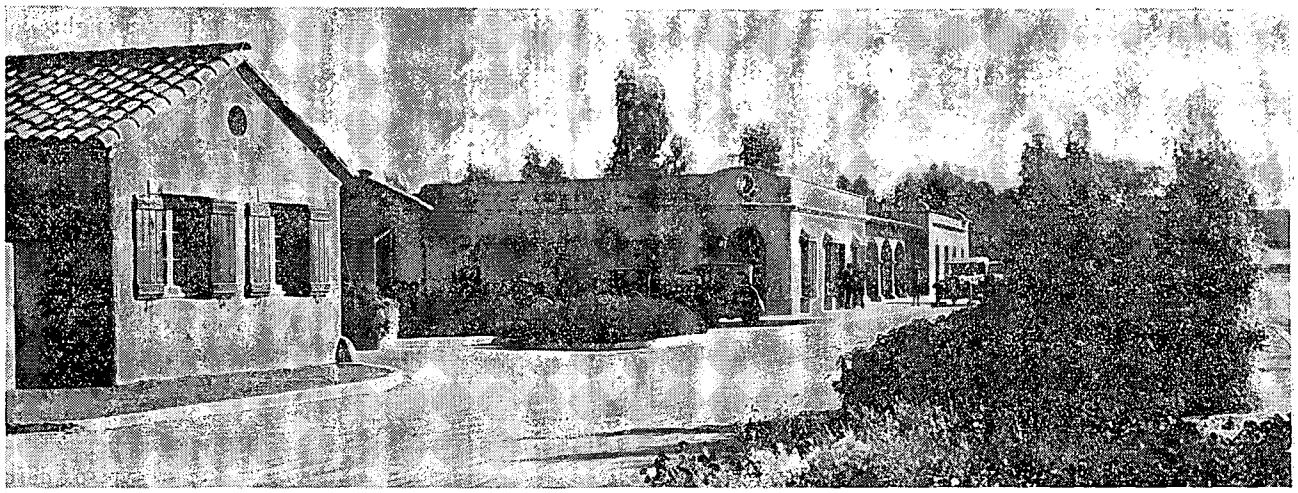

The cost and type of building are restricted in Rancho Santa Fe, California

Neighborhoods That Can't Be Spoiled

By MARC N. GOODNOW

FOR many years such suburban projects as Roland Park, Baltimore, and Forest Hills, Long Island, have been recognized as outstanding examples of "neighborhoods that can't be spoiled" resulting from the effects of real estate restrictions imposed by the original developers requiring not only the usual set-back lines, residential restrictions and minimum cost of buildings, but requiring also the approval by a competent architectural committee of plans for all new buildings, as well as providing for the establishment of a maintenance corporation supported by an annual tax on each lot.

As a result these two communities are today rated by certain city planning experts as being 95 per cent efficient insofar as their architecture and environment are concerned. Other communities having smaller restrictions are rated correspondingly high; for instance St. Francis Wood, San Francisco, and Nantucket, Massachusetts, are given 95 per cent ratings, and Yorkshire Village, Camden, N. J., Shaker Heights, Cleveland, graded respectively at 90 and 80 per cent. By comparing these communities with Boston with a 12 per cent rating, Philadelphia 15 per cent, Washington, D. C., 25 per cent and London, England, 9 per cent, one obtains a fairly accurate idea of the advance which this comparatively recent type of suburban development has made.

In these and similar neighborhoods there no longer exists that old bugaboo of subdividers or developers about the necessity of lowering esthetic standards in order to sell real estate. These newer experiments in well ordered suburban living have successfully shown not only that such covenants can be legally contained in deeds, but that investors in homesites are perfectly willing to go beyond the confines of the deed and hand down to posterity the principle of proper architectural control, that the American public is willing to accept even the most rigid restrictions in the architectural design or the use of property.

All of which means that haphazard, hit-or-miss zoning and building have, through deed or contract, been entirely eliminated in these projects. Well established principles of residential and commercial zoning have been rigidly followed; an intelligent system of architectural and property control with careful supervision by juries composed of nationally known architectural, planning and landscape experts, has been put into operation. And of great importance to the subdivider and the purchaser, the financial returns have demonstrated that such control pays.

The experience of the developers of these projects has been of the kind that could be adopted no doubt with great benefit by real estate subdividers and city builders elsewhere. For since profits generally can only be taken from such projects after the first half or first three quarters of the property has been sold, whatever measures the subdivider takes to protect the remaining portion of the tract are returned to him in multiplied form.

The fact that perhaps not more than 10 or 12 per cent of home builders or commercial building owners employ architectural services places the burden of responsibility for establishing "neighborhoods that can't be spoiled" upon the subdividers themselves. With proper direction it is possible to convert even the highly individualistic citizen into one with a community consciousness, and then in turn inspire the entire body of residents into group action for their own welfare.

The method by which the newer type of suburban residential community overcomes the negligence and financial loss due to lowered esthetic values is shown in three cooperating recent developments on the Pacific Coast which illustrate certain requirements in addition to those advantages offered by their prototypes. They are Palos Verdos Estates, fronting on the ocean twenty miles south of Los Angeles; Rancho Santa Fe near San Diego; and San Clemente, lying half way between San Diego and Los Angeles.

Palos Verdes Estates, acquired several years ago by Frank A. Vanderlip, is by far the largest single development of the

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kind ever undertaken in this country, comprising some 16,000 acres extending 12 miles along the Pacific Ocean near Los Angeles. Because of California's heritage, the Mediterranean style of architecture is preferred both for residential and commercial buildings, with the result that the physical aspects of the development have become altogether distinctive in comparison with communities where a conglomeration of styles persists.

Under the direction of a permanently endowed art jury with right of independent action, 3200 acres, with four principal neighborhood centers, have been developed. Domestic and commercial architecture, garden design, billboards, signs, color and various other elements of correct city planning are placed under the jurisdiction of the jury.

Restrictions governing the amount of open space between houses, the minimum cost of dwellings in each neighborhood, the gauging of set-back lines and the various uses to which the property shall be put extend over a period of 37 years, with automatic extension for successive 20-year periods thereafter unless changed by the owners of one-half the property. Complete control is maintained over the keeping of livestock, the erection of outhouses, private garages and industrial buildings. Even fences, hedges and poles are limited to a reasonable height, and no trees taller than 20 feet may be cut down without the consent of the park and recreation board of the home owners' association. Already some 600 acres of neighborhood parks, the entire ocean front for more than four miles, together with canyons, riding trails, golf courses and other small parks have been deeded permanently to the community association in which every lot has one vote. Maintenance of parks, streets, golf courses, fire and police protection and lighting is provided by an annual tax or assessment levied by the homes' association on all lots that have been subdivided and legally filed of record, including those owend by the project itself. Thus the property owners will always possess funds with which to perpetuate their plans and safeguard those esthetic interests that have attracted them to this community.

The agricultural community known as Rancho Santa Fe, comprising some 9000 acres in upper San Diego County, California, developed under the aegis of the Santa Fe Railway, was launched on its career several years ago by the necessity of a parent whose business it is to haul freight. An investigation revealed that the soil was adapted not only to the culture of citrus products, avacadoes, walnuts, peaches, prunes and olives, but also to narcissus bulbs and other California flora, and the tract was accordingly divided into 400 separate plots ranging in size from five to forty acres and sold to individuals interested in raising those crops. Purchasers are required to build houses or develop the agricultural possibilities of their holdings within eighteen months of purchase.

Both cost and type of dwelling are rigidly restricted in order that all residents may be equally protected and every outlook be one of beauty. As a result there is a marked adherence to the architectural tradition in which the project was conceived. A fine group of civic-center buildings has already been built and around this focal point have centered dwellings varying in cost from $5000 to $15,000. A beautifully planted parkway extends down the center street, at the end of which is a group of garage buildings which hide their purpose so successfully that only the initiated realize that they are not a part of some rambling residence. Even the gas-filling station is an adaptation of old modes to new manners, being built like a well which one might find in some quaint Spanish village. In this community, as in Palos Verdes, property owners have formed an association and entered into a covenant to perpetuate the general regulations that have been set up and enforced by the development company.

The third project of similar character, fronting on the Pacific just halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego, is San Clemente, founded by Ole Hanson, former mayor of Seattle. In the three years since its birth this community has won distinction and increased values by reason of its restrictions as to property and architecture. It is known as the Spanish Village and requires not only that all buildings be designed in approved Spanish style but that no residence be robbed of its rightful view of the blue Pacific.

If there is a lesson for the world in this type of development it is to be found in the one word, control. The principle of control has enabled the developers to set up a self-starting, self-operating guardianship of public taste and welfare, with the result that uniform beauty of buildings and continuing property values have been assured. And as these projects grow in years, the new values created by the control of their architecture and its other advantages will make these plans still more profitable to their owners.

In the evolution of such neighborhoods there appear to be several outstanding factors that point to eventual methods of solving many problems of small-town and city life. Most prominent are those of zoning, architectural control and perpetuation of the advantages by covenant on the part of property owners themselves. The home owner is increasingly expressing a demand for the extension of the police power of the city to include matters of an architectural nature, realizing that even the safeguards furnished by adequate zoning do not altogether prevent possible loss or depreciation from certain types of house design that inevitably reflect upon his own investment.

Wherever such art juries have been established by tract owners and endowed with adequate powers and funds to make them independent of influences that seek to lower standards (although in the case of private buildings they have advisory powers only), there has resulted a constant, steady upbuilding of architectural merit that joins with the advantages of zoning in creating new values for both buyer and seller. As insurance for the capital invested, the juries in fact have earned many times their cost.

In short it is coming to be recognized that supervised architecture is as much a function of community government as supervision of traffic, health or morals; that while temporarily restricting the individual, in the end the resulting social good rewards him for any momentary inconvenience or sacrifice. The principle on which supervised architecture is based is actually the same principle as that governing zoning, and because of its similarity it is considered reasonable to believe that the courts will sustain this wider use of the police power for public welfare. For what we have called "experiments" in public acceptance of zoning and controlled architecture have long since passed the experimental stage. They have entered the domain of the real and the profitable, and in such a way as to prove their worth in community life. As vital factors in "neighborhoods that can't be spoiled" they offer something that is more than casual interest or academic presumption in pointing to the eventual means of bringing new wholesomeness and security to dwellers in the city.

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Success on Crutches

By E. B. HARRIS

"YOU sick? You a T. B.? Why you look the picture of health!" To which Scully retorts, "Yes, it's pretty soft for emaciated tuberculoafers like Harold Bell Wright, Stevenson, Trudeau, Poe, Chopin, and Chekhov; it's the husky invalids like Christy Mathewson, Keats and Chuck Barrett that died young."

Eighteen years ago Frank Scully was a man five feet, ten inches tall and weighing 170 pounds. The only difference in him today is that he has lost one leg and one lung and has travelled over the United States and Europe combining journalism and invalidism with profit to both. The two careers began at almost the same time. Scully was born and grew up in the New York of Al Smith, and in ordinary circumstances would have lived the conventional story of rising from the ranks. At seventeen he was a great highschool athlete; at eighteen he went to the hospital with osteomylitis of the femur, a type of bone infection that killed young Calvin Coolidge.

Out from this first visit to the hospital, he went after his first job. He climbed two long flights of stairs to the old Sun office on Nassau Street. He knew that reporters begin as leg-men and he had only one leg. But he wanted that job. On the way down in the Subway he had scribbled several bits of news so as to "start right away." At the editorial office he left his crutch behind a door and walked over to the editor's desk, looking every inch the robust athlete he wasn't. They shook hands. The editor was Harry Cashman. Over in a far corner was Chester Lord. Nearby was Frank Ward O'Malley, Ed Hill, Joe Vila, Bill Hanna. . . . Magic names!

The interview began. Scully was making great strides. The job looked certain. In fact he became so absorbed that he forgot his leg was paining terribly from that twenty-foot walk without support. Unconsciously he had raised his foot on the editor's chair to ease it, first on the lower rung, then on the upper, then almost in the editor's lap.

"Something wrong with your leg?" Cashman asked sympathetically.

"Oh, just a break. All right now, but a little painful when I climb stairs." Scully put the foot down and sought to change the subject.

"No, leave it there if it's more comfortable," the editor assured him. "When would you like to start?"

"Tonight," said Scully.

"But what can you write about?"

"About half a column," said Scully grinning.

"Make it 300 words," replied the editor, smiling at the shop joke. And then kindly, "You'll make good here, but watch your bad knee."

So Scully joyfully sought a desk and wrote his tidbits of lively news until they totaled 300 words. The editor was pleased. Scully was pleased. He said goodnight, walked out without a limp, found his crutch behind the door and hobbled down the long flight of stairs, his head wreathed in clouds of copy.

In spite of that hole in his leg he managed to make enough money in a few years to start college and was the best correspondent Columbia ever had—a fearless newshound who from his bedroom window could see as much as the best leg-man could pick up in a day's tracking. After college he became managing editor of The Spur and settled down to a life of metropolitan journalism.

THEN another part of his apparently husky body broke down. Hemorrhage after hemorrhage sent him to Saranac for his lungs and then to Phoenix, Arizona, and to bed for three years.

When sunshine and the dry desert winds failed to work, he had recourse to his pen for cure. He edited the sports page of The Prescott Journal-Miner from his bed in a hillside sanitarium. He dragged himself down to assist the editor get out an extra on the Carpentier-Dempsey fight and by use of a telephone arrangement 130 miles from Phoenix they beat a rival paper on the street by thirty-one minutes.

Scully, fighting tuberculosis, types his sports page in Tucson

"I'll never forget the thrill of that achievement as the presses started pounding," he recalls, "and Lyle Abbott, the editor, shouted, 'Well, maybe it's not The New York Sun, Scull, but it's our own!'"

He started the first book column in Arizona and for this heroic defiance of Babbitry in the land of dime novels and gun-play he was cited by The Freeman, then in its hey-day, for bravery under fire. He moved to Tucson, and after refusing the editorship of The Arizona Daily Star became its sports editor—again in bed with a telephone and a young college student for "legs and lungs."

"I never realized till I broke down," he said, in recounting this exciting year, "how much energy we throw away. That job taught me to conserve it. I never walked when I could ride, rode when I could telephone, stood up when I could sit down, or sat down when I could lie down. So I could do a tremendous amount of

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work without overdrawing on my narrow margin of physical safety.

"I had bad days, bad weeks, even, when it just didn't seem possible I could do anything but slump back. But I had to be good—I had to be good enough so that the governors and prize-fighters I couldn't go to would find their way to my back porch, the way people found Emerson's mousetrap-maker in his forest shack.

"I studied my market. I had a college town, so I ran a column called The Cheering Section to give flavor to the regular run of sports news. I filled it with my own verse, comments and smartalecisms and saw to it that the professor as well as the pugilist was entertained and even possibly instructed. I think in all honesty that The Cheering Section would have ranked about third of Grantland Rice's Sportlight in a national rating."

When he saw that his daily quota of words held up he began applying them to more lucrative fields. He did feature-writing for national syndicates and magazines, and bravely enough, the stories were mostly about men who had made good in all variety of ways—from coaching football to growing peaches. He press-agented various enterprises—Harold Bell Wright, motion picture productions on location, the first national intercollegiate polo championships between Arizona and Princeton, Southwestern golf championships.

Several years later, after countless operations, his intelligence and experience made him the logical head for the Lackman studios in Nice

It is this success in a field of writing which depends for effectiveness upon vigor and timeliness, that is most remarkable. For poets, a weak constitution is conventional. Stevenson languishing with tuberculosis on a tropic isle and writing tales of romantic adventure, is a brave but consistent figure. Poe's wild genius was a function of his bitter struggles with physical and mental illness. Proust for years shut himself up in a cork-walled room and ventured into the streets of Paris only after midnight when his asthma might find relief, but a writer like Proust who plans an all-embracing account of society can be thankful for years without distraction, at any price.

Scully has found his means of support in life in his typewriter, yet he knows that he wasn't born to write an epic novel or a play for the ages. Poetry, too, is outside his interest, though he frequently writes verse as a convalescing exercise. When a bit of his appeared in F. P. A.'s Conning Tower, his friends knew that he had been sicker than usual. "Sonnets," he says, "are an excellent diversion. The end is so near the beginning that the task is not over-tiring. I use them as a sort of occupational therapy, as some people use basket-weaving or solitaire or cross word puzzles. I can write a physically perfect sonnet in an hour. Poetically, of course, it's terrible, but nobody ever sees it."

He is a tradesman-writer; his pen is his tool as the wrench is the plumber's. So his invalidism should logically have been both a physical and intellectual handicap. But in this modern world where it is possible to write for This and That, he has the words that sell. And for him interpretation becomes creative. "There is no fun like 'ghost' writing," he maintains. "The anonymity guards you from the wrong kind of vanity and the signing of a celebrity's name to something he couldn't or didn't write gives you an added pleasure. It's like putting apples on a peddler's pushcart instead of stealing them."

In 1925 his leg began to "kick up," throwing toxins all through his system and forcing him again to a hospital. The cynical journalist might say that in his profession far more valuable than the over-common facility "to write" is the physical stamina to pursue the fact of the hour wherever it may flee. But there is another kind who creates news about him—sea serpents on the shores of Lake Michigan, if need be. Frank Scully would probably prefer to follow Byrd to the Antarctic, radioing back to New York. Finding himself in a hospital instead, he began a campaign to build a better home for the nuns who nursed him at St. Mary's. The papers took up the project. Bankers formed committees. Daily Scully turned out rich, human copy made from the hospital scenes about him, until the home was secured. By making hay on cloudy days, he has lost the ghost of sterility which haunts most writers.

FOR a year or more an occasional story or article in The American Golfer, Success, or The Outlook was all that came from Scully's portable typewriter. During this time he was balancing back and forth between life and death, now in Switzerland. High up in the Alps at a famous clinic he was taking another sporting chance to get his leg cured, for he was never satisfied with minimizing his handicap; always away back in his consciousness was the hope that some day he would be able really to walk. But here they nearly completed the wreck of one who, when he arrived, could at least walk with the aid of crutches. For eighteen years he has gone through a round of operations—crutches, canes,—back to operations again. But this one in Switzerland would have made a marble statue flinch. Because of bad lungs he could not have a general anaesthetic. They chopped and chiseled the bone away and each swing of the hammer on that thigh jarred (*Continued on page* 376)

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Aristide Briand, a Good Sport

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

ARISTIDE BRIAND ought to have been elected president of France, crowning with the highest honor that can be conferred upon a Frenchman a lifetime of public service. It never can be now; Briand is drawing toward his earthly end; any year or month or day may bring it. I think there can be no doubt that the people of France as a whole wanted and expected that he would be chosen. But as in several other countries of Europe it is difficult, not so much to find out what most of the people want as to get it into effect. The system of proportional representation, theoretically sound as a means of expressing all the nuances of political opinion, in its actual working produces a bewildering clutter of political parties, divided and interdivided upon issues of every imaginable kind, and when it comes to major matters they coalesce into ephemeral blocs and produce results that look like national decisions and for all practical purposes operate as such, although they may not be what anybody really wants.

As everybody knows, the election was not by the French people as a whole nor by an electoral college as we pretend to do it in the United States, but by the National Assembly of some 900 members. On the first ballot 897 votes were cast, the absolute majority required being 449. Briand with 401 fell 48 votes short and withdrew in favor of Paul Doumer, who had 442 and forthwith was chosen. Briand left the palace bearing every aspect of a broken man. As an eye-witness said, "His face had lost its color, his eyes their flash; he did not look up when spoken to, but hurried away."

NEVERTHELESS it was the old Briand who a little later —within a week, in fact—was at his post in the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva, alert, jovial, irenic in the midst of the most ominous situation that the League has yet confronted. To him as much as to any other member of the Council is attributable the momentous outcome of that gathering. And what is more, he was very much a party in interest. For the issue was the German-Austrian tariff agreement and France was leader of the protest against it.

There hardly could be a more significant or more sinister controversy and the collision was head-on. Germany and Austria had taken it for granted that they were within their rights in negotiating this basis for their economic relationships. They had more than intimated that it was nobody's business but their own, declaring however that it was not intended to be exclusive since any other country or all other countries would be free and welcome to foregather with them on like terms. They affected to be surprised that anybody, most particularly France, should object. Particularly France, since Mr. Briand, her spokesman, had been vociferously protagonist of the idea of economic cooperation in Europe. So when France stood up on its hind-legs and roared, it looked like deadlock of the most sinister kind. It was "good politics" from the local, back-home, nationalist point of view for the Germans to fight and for Mr. Briand to be immovable. Never have the storm-clouds glowered so black over the Palais des Nations. Some went so far as to predict the end of the League of Nations. And so it might well have been, but for the fact that it was for just such situations that the League was created.

And the League took it in its stride, almost as routine. An international controversy? Of course; there have been and yet will be many. Tackling international controversy is the League's particular business. Were there no such or were they easy there need be no League.

Had your heart not been in your mouth in these high-pressure days of upturned world and unparalleled readjustments, you could and would have prophesied beforehand exactly what happened. The British foreign minister, Mr. Henderson, proposed that the dispute be brought before the Council of the League. Both parties promptly agreed. They dared not otherwise. One of the outstanding symptoms of the new day is increasing heed to the world's opinion. And the Council promptly passed it on to that nefarious organism known as the Permanent Court of International Justice, created for precisely such purposes; asking right out loud for that highly objectionable form of adjudication, an "advisory opinion"—in other words: "Before we do this disputed thing, and in order to avoid resort to the antediluvian forms of quarrel, tell us whether or not it is lawful." Germany and Austria, France and all of the members of the Little Entente for which France is sponsor, guardian and guarantor, agreed, implying that they would abide by the decision. Civilized. Imagine how different things in the world would have been had there been such a procedure, or means of resorting to it, twenty years ago when in North Africa the train was laid which exploded in the Great War! There was no League of Nations then; no machinery for pacification in advance.

I ONCE heard a distinguished French professor lecturing at Harvard University, acknowledge that the French language included no expression synonymous with the English phrase "fair-play"; he confessed that the idea itself was not characteristic of sport in France. In fact all Europe has had to adopt bodily from our language the very word "sport." However that be, it was no less than a "good sport," this same Aristide Briand actuated by a native sense of fair-play, who with head bloody but unbowed in defeat for the presidency of France, stood in the place at Geneva which he has made peculiarly distinguished and exemplified the spirit of conciliation. He freely admitted that it was not enough for France to protest against the German-Austrian tariff agreement; France must come forward with a concrete, constructive substitute. That has since been done. The French under-secretary for national economy, M. François Poncet, has proposed to the European Commission a scheme for the gradual coordination of European economic relations contemplating a general lowering of tariff walls, creation of an international bank for agricultural credits, systematizing of production under quotas, and so on. But that is another story.

Presently we shall be laying flowers upon the tomb of Aristide Briand. It will not be as the one-time president of the French Republic, nor as twelve times or more its prime minister and goodness knows how many its minister of foreign affairs, that he will be honored and mourned. It will be chiefly for his service, despite all temptations to play lesser local politics, in the cause of the world's good understanding. More than any other man that I can think (*Continued on page* 373)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Journalism at the X-Roads

JOURNALISTIC VOCATIONS, *by Charles Elkins Rogers. Appleton. 354 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND MESSRS. PULITZER, *by James W. Barrett. Vanguard Press. 117 pp. Price $1.25 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE END OF THE WORLD, *edited by James W. Barrett. Harper. 273 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MAGAZINE MAKING, *by John Bakeless. Viking Press. 323 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MR. MILLER OF "THE TIMES," *by F. Frazer Bond. Scribner. 264 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

CAN THESE THINGS BE! *by George Seldes. Brewer & Warren. 433 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE pied field of journalism is being cracked by earthquakes: the seismographs of daily change must now record changes in themselves. Stresses within the American newspaper portend a process of disintegration and a new distribution of functions; pressures from without—radio, cinema, and television, are forcing new alignments for public service. We face an era of experiment in that increasingly important field we may broadly call public communication by mechanical processes. The press was for over three centuries the sole machine that could multiply words and pictures and so it served us nobly and gained vast power. Now it has rivals, effective likewise in special ways for service and power. The struggle between them has begun on several fronts—in purveying news, in advertising, in offerings of entertainment. The public interest demands that we take thought on this struggle to make it serve us.

We must first conceive of all these instruments as parts of education, education in the sense of providing information and guidance and also in the sense of culture, or taste in art and recreation. Whether we enlarge the idea of journalism to include all these new forms (and they seem to be based on common principles) or invent a new name for clarity's sake is a minor thing; what is urgent is that we take thought on how society can profit from all. Second, we must enforce cooperation and avoid the losses inevitable from internecine wars. Each instrument will survive as fit for its true function. Can we not allot the fields and avoid the struggle for survival? The radio is for the ear. The periodical for the eye. The sound-cinema for both and, I suppose, the televisor. Certainly some division of fields should arise from these facts. Likewise from the fact that one requires a gathered audience at a set time while another reaches the individual when he wills. Lastly we must be sure that the newspaper that has served us long and nobly shall not be crippled in its true duty. It is still by clear odds the most valuable method of distributing a lasting record and interpretation of current events and opinions for the information and guidance of the people. It possesses the sovereign advantages of being permanent, portable, readable when we want with a personal selection of what we shall notice, and with a fine tradition of service and responsibility. We would be fools to let new forms hamstring this institution.

The fact is we have overloaded the newspaper, stuffed it like a portmanteau with each new thing we found interesting or useful—and paid three cents for a ten-cent product while the advertiser contributed the rest. The structure is topheavy and the format bulky and crowded. Consider what we ask of a modern newspaper—a news diary, a pictorial album, a magazine (superior often to the old weekly), a critic of the arts and recreations, expositor of complex fields like science, economics, social reform, international affairs and exploration, interpreter through editorials and feature articles, purveyor of entertainment and vicarious thrills, and general guide, counsellor and friend. It has begun to break down of its own weight so that it will be a blessing if we can transfer some of these multifarious tasks to new mediums.

The death of The New York World is a case: it blew up trying to be all things to all men like the chameleon which perished seeking to imitate the colors of a Scotch plaid. It tried to be a newspaper, without funds to cover the news; a chapbook for the intelligenzia; a philosophical interpreter and fighting crusader of liberal causes; and a people's paper with thrills and entertainment. It really fell between the devil of the tabloids and the deep sea of The New York Times. Journalists and liberals watched its death with a sense of tragedy and fear: it marked some change in the spirit of the times.

JAMES BARRETT, the last city editor, tells in his angry book on The World and the Pulitzer heirs, what the old institution was and his version of its decline and fall. His views should be in the record for they are often true and penetrant, but he does not get behind persons to the social phenomena that govern journals. He and his colleagues made a gallant last ditch fight to buy The World against the bids of chain-newspaper systems. The moral seems clear: only chains have the power and resources to conduct big papers under the load we have put on them. The crusading and brilliance may have to be contributed by weeklies that need not compete in news coverage or entertainment. In The End of The World some score of the staff record the death-watch round the dying giant. It reveals the reporter's romantic idealism at its best in picturesque and moving terms and glimpses the spirit of a great institution that demanded of them a good paper even in the last edition. It is helpful for the public to know how men labor and sacrifice in journalism. But what value have belated curses and tears? These men were devoted but they had no organization, no professional status, no plan. Their idealism was flattened by forces they seem never to have sought to understand. It's a heartbreaking book, both ways.

One task of modern newspapers is revealed in Can These Things Be! by George Seldes, who tells many inside stories about European intrigue and duplicity and has a useful section on various sorts of censorship. This is a lively, high-spot book, excellent for undocumented information about war-preparations, dictators, youth movements and secret plots. It is not

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so well written or sound as was Selde's fascinating predecessor on European censorships, You Can't Print That. But you need to read both to understand how our foreign news really gets to us and what some of the things are we do not get! My point is that this whole delicate demanding task of interpreting the rest of the world to our citizens is just handed over to the newspaper as *one* of its little jobs for which it gets small money or fame for the readers don't care. It does a pretty good job too in spots; but here is field enough for a separate institution with vast resources and highly trained personnel. It may be a good thing if the news-reel, the radio from Geneva, Vatican City, London, and ultimately the televisor, can supplement our news service. They won't break down the censorships but they will offer a kind of intimate personal first-hand sense of foreign lands and peoples that is better than print.

The size and divisions of the field of journalism come out clearly in Charles Roger's guide, Journalistic Vocations, the best book of first-aid to inky youth we have ever seen. We once thought of the daily, weekly and magazine; now are added business papers (some 2000), the agricultural, religious and labor presses, opportunities for women who now fill one fifth of the editorial places, free-lancing, the business side, and such interrelated things as publicity, advertising, and art and photography. Young Ben Franklin would be amazed. This book covers the whole field, interprets the various functions, lists the workers' duties, explains the preparation needed and offers an honest appraisal of the rewards, both temporal and spiritual. And the money rewards are pretty comfortable these days. The charts of staff organization, the bibliography and glossary are helpful. If you have to advise anybody on journalism as a calling, give him this book.

To discover what journalism was forty years ago and in the subsequent period of transition from its personal to institutional form read Fraser Bond's life of Charles R. Miller, for so many years the almost unobserved editor of The New York Times. He enjoyed the splendid training of The Springfield Republican, but not of the modern school of journalism. The interest in government and politics was still paramount, for our complex world was not yet demanding that an editor know about *everything*. So we have interesting chapters on the relations between Miller and President Cleveland and President Wilson. The importance and dignity of the editorial page were undisputed by columnists, special writers, and even news. Yet personal views were being slowly subordinated to the editorial conference and the use of specialists; necessity divested the editor-in-chief of some of his high functions. Mr. Miller was sound and clean and hopeful, conservative and scholarly, and he left his imprint on The Times. But he was not a creator in journalistic forms or an innovator in social ideas. He will not go down with the great editors, but as an interpreter of the conservative view in a style worthy for dignity and clarity. Both the dignity and clarity are needed today.

John Bakeless has written an admirable guide for that universal host who at some time have to edit a magazine, and he offers the mere layman a back-stage trip through the magazine world. Already we have a long list of magazines, house-organs, trade-journals *ad inf.* The fissures in the field of journalism doubtless mean many more magazines. For all the harassed editors here is balm of Gilead in the first manual of technical magazine-making and the theory of editing we have had. This is truly a mine of information on the techniques of publication and the editor who grasps the exhaustive data on type, lay-out, printing and such mysteries can look any printer in the face and foretell his destination. The delicate problem of the manuscript, the authors, the staff and the department fields is analyzed with precision and much example. Magazines need sustenance as well as ideals and Mr. Bakeless provides for both. His ideals shine forth in his standards for editors and in his scholarly reverence for sincerity and accuracy; his sense of reality in chapters on circulation, promotion and publicity. For mere readers the sly humor and spurts of criticism will enliven an instructive perusal that must enlighten them on the duty and perils of editors and enrich them with charity and understanding. The book fills a need with perfect concreteness balanced by a keen sense of responsibility to the whole art of printing.

LEON WHIPPLE

What Every Dean Knows

STUDIES ARE NOT EVERY THING: *The Diary of a Freshman. By Max McConn. Viking. 236 pp. $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MAX McCONN knows 'em. He is dean of Lehigh University; he has been at the University of Illinois; he was, not so very anciently, a freshman himself. Though autobiographical in form, this diary does not purport to be McConn's own but by some uncanny means he plainly knows how college looks to this sort of freshman—type of the joyous horde of boys without background, preparation, fitness or any other reason under heaven to justify their cluttering up colleges during the freshman year—or until they are fired as soon or late they must be. Bobby Scott, characteristic true-bred flower of an American go-getter's home, profoundly illiterate, without a shred of intellectual taste or aptitude, describes in the first person singular his rollicking through the freshman year, member of a "best fraternity," even getting to be president of his class; too busy for the studies which as he says himself "are not every thing." They glimmer round the fringes of his life but never touch him. It is the like of him that drives to drink such deans as have to be driven to drink. On its face the tale is incredible extravaganza; yet in essence it is true, a priceless exhibit of the happy-go-lucky human stuff that the colleges are trying, none too successfully, to exclude; of the bulk of freshman "mortality." It is very funny, yet keenly discerning, even sympathetic. Not a bad lad, this Bobby; he will make a successful Main Street businesser; but he is about as appropriate in a college as a hoptoad in a cup of tea. And there are thousands of him.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

Beals Knows Mexico

MEXICAN MAZE, *by Carleton Beals. Lippincott. 370 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MEXICAN MAZE aptly describes the Mexican scene as Carleton Beals views it. There is nothing confused, however, in his statement. Few men in the world, probably, are as qualified to discuss Mexican problems as this particular author. He knows Spanish-American literature through and through and is as familiar with Sarmiento as with Anglo-Saxon literature. Moreover he knows Mexican history and the chapters upon Tlaxcala, Tepoztlan, Church and State, and Black Gold, which describes the oil controversy, are at once accurate and profound.

It is seldom in fact that one finds a book of this kind so full of intellectual meat and so satisfactory from the literary standpoint. Beals paints the Mexican scene with sympathy and vivid understanding. His close contact with the submerged of the Mexican groups, the mountaineer, the muleteers, the Negroes of Valerio Trujano, his acquaintance with the leaders of the Revolution, such as Avillaneda, enable him to write a swift-moving and powerful account of the tragic and chaotic events of the last twenty years. Modern realistic writing knows how to take a photograph but very few of the realists paint a picture as well as Beals. For instance, in speaking of the apprehension felt by the people of Amecameca because of the fact that they lived under the brow of the great volcano, he writes:

> But when the morning sun strikes its silver flame upon the two white mountains, the fears of the natives fall away; then men walk with quick elastic stride, proudly calling themselves the "Sons of the Smoking Mountain." At such times a superficial brightness and business rustles like the autumn leaves through the twisted streets. Long trains of burros come jingling and braying down from the mountains, dragging enormous timbers slantwise or staggering beneath sacks of brimstone from the crest of the crater. The lanes echo with the clear echoing yodel of muleteers. Bent Indians dogtrot half a day with hundred-kilo sacks of charcoal strapped to back and brow; at night the blood-red fires of their kilns may be seen far up on some wind-swept ridge. The town itself is criss-crossed with deep-cleft gleaming arroyos; streams of crystal-clear water gurgle down the center of the streets; and women in bright wondrously embroidered *camisas* scrub clothes on slabs of gray *tezontle*.

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His perception of the psychology of the Indian is also marked. With what essential truth he sums up the characteristics of the American Indian race:

> There is something Oriental in the Indian, at least in his patience, his renunciation of too much worldly endeavor; yet there is also something more truthful and wholesome in his life than in that of the East. We Americans shut out the roaring tide of life by externals, by living outside of our bodies and minds, by conquering nature instead of ourselves; the Oriental escapes the roaring tide of life by shutting out the world, by conquering himself instead of nature. But the Indian lives close to the spirals of nature itself. There is a healthy interpenetration of himself and nature. The American lives for the future, he divides his life into time units; the Oriental destroys time; the Mexican peasant is time in its Bergsonian fluid essence. . . .

In fact it is not too much to say that no one is really in touch with modern Mexico who does not have some conception of the rise and fall, the ebb and flow of the various currents so splendidly delineated in Mexican Maze. FLORENCE E. ALLEN

Supreme Court of Ohio, Columbus

UP FROM BANKRUPTCY

(*Continued from page* 345)

Massachusetts requires that relief be given to needy citizens. So the Board could not, if it would, just chop out that big item. Another way had to be found.

What about the private charities? Could they take up some of the load? Here again a little background is necessary if one would understand Fall River. As the town grew it accumulated the usual quota of charitable institutions, amiably and often generously supported by the Hill and by the "foreigners" through their religious organizations. It has three good private hospitals, one of them under Catholic auspices, an Old People's Home, a Y.M.C.A., and a Women's Union, all well housed. The Boys' Club has two buildings, given and endowed with $150,000 by M. C. D. Borden and his sons. There are three children's homes, two of them Catholic, and two or three day nurseries. The B. M. C. Durfee Highschool, "the finest gift ever made to the city," was erected in 1887 by Mary B. Young as a memorial to her son. Her sister, Sarah Submit Brayton, gave the beautiful First Congregational Church. Endowments have grown slowly. But in spite of all this it seemed to me that in general the Old Families, even in their heyday, had not returned much of their wealth to the community.

The organized charities, as distinguished from the institutions, are not a sturdy lot. Case work has not rooted itself very firmly. The Association for Community Welfare, organized in 1899, does the best it can in the way of family work with a somewhat uncertain budget of $15,000. When the trouble began last fall its board hesitated to assume any added responsibilities. Somewhere in the confusion of differing opinions the Association found itself without an executive. Two case workers and two stenographers have carried on, struggling with a case load which in February numbered more than 500.

The District Nursing Association, on the other hand, has an active and harmonious board and a competent director for its staff of seventeen nurses. Of course it has had serious money troubles. The incomes of most of its contributors have suffered severely. Fees paid by the mills for nursing care for their employes have dropped off sharply. As a sideline and as a clinic center the Association maintains the King Philip Settlement in a reclaimed tenement—a cheerful, busy place with an atmosphere that many a stronger settlement would like to capture.

One need not list here all the agencies that make up Fall River's social battery. None of them is high-powered. All are inadequately supported, understaffed, overworked. Yet a great deal of private relief work went on last winter, scattered, somewhat hit or miss, but undeniably affording a cushion for many families unable to exist on the meager city aid. And in a curious, highly personalized way all these scattered efforts were pretty well coordinated. Last fall the mayor of Fall River appointed an employment committee. As a committee it never really functioned, but one of its members did, vigorously. She is a little slip of a woman from the Hill whose name at her own insistence must remain unsung. Fall River knows it well. Armed with simple card forms printed over night, she made the round of the somewhat startled clubs and committees and organizations which she knew from her wide acquaintance were doing something, and all but dragged from them their lists of unemployment relief cases. She worked over those cards day and night. She consolidated their information, she classified and cross-indexed them until she had a picture of private relief work in the city which many a highly organized community might envy. The Catholic Welfare Bureau and the Salvation Army, the Community Welfare and the Deaconess Home were all there, along with the various city-employe relief committees, the S.P.C.C., the Women's Union, half a dozen churches. Even the Employes' Association of the American Printing Company yielded up its almost sacrosanct list. Never before in Fall River or probably anywhere else have so many charitable lions and lambs lain down together.

There was at least a paper organization behind all this, called the Emergency Relief Bureau with His Honor the Mayor as chairman and half a dozen prominent citizens as members. But the Lady was the Bureau in fact and in function. Coordination was served, there can be no doubt of it. But coordination revealed some distressing gaps in prompt and effective relief. Into these gaps the Lady flung herself. One day a passing milkman dropped into the office of the District Nursing Association to say that his company was discontinuing several routes because the people were no longer using milk. The Lady heard about it and went into action. She bought a roll of milk tickets as big as her arm. She dashed to a five-and-ten-cent store and came back with a basketful of funny little spotted-cow milk jugs. The next morning every nurse on her round left in every milkless household a spotted cow with a bunch of milk tickets tucked in its tummy. The spotted cow did not actually have much to do with it, but she made it more interesting. A few days later Bishop James E. Cassidy assumed responsibility for the milk distribution. The Lady cheerfully yielded the honor, the bishop set up eleven milk stations and the spotted cows retired from duty.

A STUDY of the cards convinced the Lady that many families were not getting enough to eat. Families run large in Fall River and even if one member was working and another drawing city aid there was not enough food to go around. Some help came from the unions, but although the aggregate of union relief during the winter mounted to some $40,000 it had to stretch a long way and last a long time. Something, a good deal in fact, came from the St. Vincent de Paul Society, something from this relief fund and that. But when it was all added up it was still pitifully little for all the mouths it had to feed. So the Lady went into her own pocket and set up a kind of a grocery store stocked with staples to which came families attested by one or another of the relief agencies or committees, each family receiving what it needed according to its taste and size. For a time some hundreds of families came twice a week for rations and for the clothing which the indomitable Lady stirred up the Women's Club to collect, sort and distribute. Because knitted garments were needed she marched out and bought quantities of bright-colored wool, and presently the whole town was knitting just as in the old exciting war days. Both the grocery store and the clothing store were staffed with volunteers, mostly club and church women and Junior League girls. Indeed the Bureau in all its activities, and not all of them can be mentioned here, was almost wholly volunteer.

Early in the year when the situation threatened to break through all the dams that could be built against it, the Lady grew panicky and sent a call for help to the Governor's Committee on Unemployment in Boston. At the suggestion of James Jackson—Fall River was soon to know him well—three experienced social workers went down to see what measures they could propose. They found that the general scheme of a little bit here and a little bit there, unorthodox as it was but held together by the Lady's particular brand of coordination, was serving very well. In any case it was no moment to change horses, especially as there was no other horse to change to. One of the Boston workers stood by for several weeks observing the operation of municipal welfare activities. Some of her

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suggestions for improved procedures were immediately adopted while others served as guides to changes that have since been effected.

Of course according to the tenets of organized emergency relief it was All Wrong. Your Fall River social worker will admit it and in the same breath will declare that she doesn't know what Fall River would have done without the Lady, her grocery store, her clothing store and her faithful volunteers. It should be added that the Lady and all her friends had a thrilling winter and that anyone who belittles the value of their contribution, made in their own way in a trying situation, simply does not know his Fall River.

So it became apparent to the gentlemen of the Board of Finance that private effort was carrying all the load it could bear. Relief for the city had to come from somewhere else. Do not think for a moment that the Board's eyes were fixed only on the Public Welfare Department—it had eyes all around its head. Not a department or bureau escaped its scrutiny. With the aid of hard-headed tax experts it wiped off $30,000,000 from last year's valuation figures as non-existent and estimated the probably assessable value of taxable property at $120,000,000. A forty-dollar tax rate was the limit the city could bear. That was admittedly high. But Fall River had danced, now it must pay the piper. The forty-dollar rate would yield $4,800,000 in revenue. The city's share of state taxes and all other income would amount to $1,697,977, making a total estimated income of $6,497,977. The Board's final budget with allowance for state and county taxes was about $600,000 less than the mayor's earlier proposed budget and $1,081,150 below the 1930 expenditures. Slashing had to be done and done quickly.

While the commission was viewing the field for candidates for major surgery it attended to a few minor cases. The city chime-ringer and the caretaker for neglected graves were separated from the payroll. Nursery maids vanished from the kindergartens. But after all these were small fry. Larger fish had to be landed and many of them. The City Council had already planned consolidations of departments with the elimination of superfluous personnel. The Board speeded the process and added materially to the number of exiles from City Hall. The listing of polls, for instance, hitherto done by assistant assessors, was transferred to the Police Department, thereby saving $3200 and wiping out thirty-six political job handouts.

BUT still the big drain went on in the Welfare Department. The only hope of stopping it was to open up employment. So Mr. Jackson drove hard at the biggest possibility in sight. Ever since June the five mills of the Iron Works had been closed. Nathan Durfee, the treasurer—he would be called the general manager anywhere but in Fall River—said that the company was willing to assume some loss to help the unemployment problem and the general financial situation in the community. An adjusted wage scale had been figured which would permit the opening of the mills without too great loss. It reflected, he said, the highest figure that could be paid under existing conditions. That was all right with Mr. Jackson. What he was after was to get those mills running and thereby relieve the city treasury.

One early March morning the word passed that the Iron Works would open. What a day in Fall River! Merchants ran from their shops to spread the word, business men called up their wives to tell the news. The worst was over. Fall River had turned the corner. The Iron Works would open. The Herald-News that night carried a streamer headline. Far down in the story was mention of that little matter of the adjusted wage scale.

And then, the next night, right in the middle of the front page of that same Herald-News, appeared an open letter from Bishop Cassidy. "Will the Herald-News be good enough to ascertain for its readers in what direction, upward or downward, this adjusted wage scale is to function? . . . all men know that the advantage in the general standard of living accruing to the cotton operative in the last twenty years has been little enough. We pray God to shield him from any danger of its loss by any downward revision of wages."

The bishop had thrown a monkey-wrench into the machine.

No gallery of Fall River personalities is complete without a portrait of the Rt. Rev. James E. Cassidy, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop. A man well along in years, aggressive, courageous, with a nice taste in antiques and a choice collection of Currier and Ives prints, he speaks his mind without fear or favor. And when he speaks 85 per cent of Fall River listens and the other 15 per cent is aware that he has spoken. Those who follow his leadership glory in his fearlessness though not always agreeing with his methods. Those who do not follow him attribute to him motives of which Machiavelli could hardly have been guilty.

THE bishop spoke and the textile unions heard. They were already on the job, they say: Certainly the bishop's pronunciamento galvanized them into action. Mr. Jackson sought Bishop Cassidy in his clerical fastness. What they said to each other no one knows. Both are plain-spoken men. More conferences now, with James Tansey of the Textile Council very much on the scene. The rank and file of the operatives wanted to be loyal to their unions but they desperately needed work. The Loom Fixers, a small but fully organized union with a key position in the operation of the mills, voted to hold out. Those were hectic days in Fall River with nerves tense and raw. The bishop spoke nightly on the front page; Mr. Jackson, Mr. Durfee and Mr. Tansey wrestled to find a basis of agreement. What that basis was has never been made public. There were compromises, with no flat cut from top to bottom. Certainly the wage scale on which the mills finally opened was lower than the scale which prevailed when they closed. But certainly it was not as low as it would have been if the bishop had not raised his voice.

One by one the five mills of the Iron Works opened. In March 4500 people went to work. The city's textile industrial payroll which had sagged the week of March 7 to a low of $278,838, jumped the next week to $309,125 and by May had climbed to $376,786. Other weaker mills took courage and cautiously enlarged their operations. The Iron Works are more than an industry to Fall River. As go the Iron Works so goes the city.

With the Iron Works running, came the expected drop in city-aid cases. Not a big drop, but a healthy one. The Board of Finance now turned its attention to the schools. It found them absorbing more than a third of the city's tax levy. Debt service took nearly another third. "And government," said Mr. Jackson, "is more than education and debt-paying." The debt service could not be cut, the school service, as they figured it, had to be. If the school system could have concealed itself from attention by hiding out in some convenient wood-lot it would certainly have done so. But no department with a budget of $1,793,091 can hope to remain invisible. Mayor Sullivan had pointed out that the city's population in 1930 was slightly less than it had been in 1912 and the school enrollment only 1400 more. Yet schoolrooms were almost double in number and the teachers' annual payroll had swelled from $364,236 to $1,488,338. "Frills," said the financial surgeons, were the trouble and frills had to go. The kindergartens were closed. The school age could not be cut at the top but it could be raised at the bottom. Fall River children, during the Drastic Decade, will enter school at six years instead of five and a half, thereby saving every year the per capita school cost of 666 children. The highschool athletic coaching service went overboard along with the supervisors of special classes, assistant supervisors of music, of art and of physical education. The highschool had to skeletonize its shops and its household arts department. Americanization classes were discontinued. The pupil load per teacher was increased from an average of twenty-six to thirty-eight. This meant that some 150 teachers would be dispensed with. Massachusetts has tenure of office rules, but the Board of Finance was operating under a statute which automatically suspended any statute which conflicted with it and all rules were off. But the Board was not as hard boiled as many people liked to think and it gave its best efforts to evolving a plan whereby teachers of twenty years standing were protected in their rights. May, when all these adjustments were made, was a dreary month for the teachers of Fall River. "Are you a frill?" they asked each other.

But with all the job-holders heads that fell into the basket there was still a big gap between estimated expenditures and income. Something still more (*Continued on page* 364)

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Ways and Means

I HAVE myself traveled and lived cheap in Europe. I have been able to do this because I was in touch with the Society of Friends. For example, supposing at this minute I wanted to go from London to Salonica. I should begin by "blowing into" the Dew Drop Inn, a place in such a squalid section of London that my cabby enquires if I am sure of the address. The Quaker lady who runs this tiny settlement will squeeze me in somehow, very likely as roommate to the last poor thing discharged from the neighboring London Hospital. Here I shall meet the latest miner tramping to London to find work and the lady who has lost her job sewing buttonholes. Such and many more crowd the tiny kitchen where theories of social justice are discussed and personal grievances are aired. Of course the average American traveler would not dream of going to such a place. In case there were no room, I should try to get into the Quaker hostel close to Friends' House on Euston Road. I should have to pay here but it would be cheaper than a hotel and just as clean and comfortable.

From London to Vienna the third class fare is (or used to be) $24. People don't like traveling third at night, but often it's less crowded than second and one can stretch out on the seat. There is only one night on the train, which isn't bad. Leaving London, say, Tuesday morning one is in Vienna Wednesday night.

In Vienna, I go at once to the Friends' Hostel, Singer Strasse 16. The price used to be a dollar for night and breakfast of coffee, rolls and butter, but I think it is up to a dollar-twenty now. The Horsnaills, who run the hostel, can tell me a good place near by at which to get my meals.

The third-class fare from Vienna to Salonica is $16. I prefer to break the journey at Budapest, where I get a room and board in a good place, patronized chiefly by Hungarians, for about $2 a day. With one more night on the road, I reach Salonica.

En route, I have observed how the Serbians make the Turks stand in the corridor rather than let them have seats. I have talked with a soil-and-climate professor, who assures me the next war will be between England and America and gives me enlightening information as to how the Serbian officials rook the peasants; with a musician who belongs to a mountain-climbing club and describes trips he has taken; with a drummer who sells optical supplies and doesn't like Greek business methods; and I have seen some Polish dancing girls en route for Athens, and numberless Turks and peasants in full regalia, all of whom I can't talk to because of not knowing "Slavic." Oh yes, I have traveled first class too, Wagons-Lits and all the rest, and not spoken to a soul. Third is vastly more interesting.

At Salonica I am at home. I board and lodge at the American Farm School for $30 a month. (The Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute is the proper name.)

It all boils down to this. The Friends have learned the ropes all over Europe during their post-war work. If this appeals to you, let your next reporter (or student of society, if that is a better term) look up John Fletcher of the Hospitality Committee in Friends' House, London, and with that as a start get introductions to various members of committees—on Bulgaria, the Near East, Poland, Austria.

DOROTHEA SIMMONS

Castle Daly, Walker's Wood, Jamaica, B. W. I.

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Russian Tour

David Ostrinsky (18 East 41 Street, New York), who in conjunction with the late Prof. Henry R. Seager organized and led the party of American economists to Russia last year, will conduct a group of academic and professional people for a thirty-day survey of the Soviet Union this summer. Mr. Ostrinsky has been lecturing and writing on Russia for the past four years during which time he has made five extensive trips to that country.

Washington's Bicentennial

Several interesting foreign celebrations will mark the two-hundredth birthday of the Father of our country (February 22, 1932). In May France opened the International Colonial and Overseas Exposition near Paris for a period of six months. A leading feature is an exact and full-sized reproduciton of Mount Vernon constructed on the banks of the Seine, containing among other things a museum of articles connected with Washigton and his time.

And from November to mid-January, according to the May News Bulletin of the Institute of International Education, Germany will commemorate the event in its various universities by a series of lectures on American history by American scholars. The plans are in the hands of a special committee on cultural relations between Germany and the United States formed by the Deutsche Akademie of Munich.

Seeing Germany for $12

Hamburg, Munich, Innsbruck, Berlin and certain rural sections were the points of interest visited by a group of young German students at a cost of $12 each. This is an example of the type of student vacation travel fostered all over Germany as the most effective way of teaching history, art and literature, says a recent number of School Life. These student journeys are frequently made possible by local hospitality, but the government and the municipalities have erected or purchased student hostels in practically every large city. Here lodgings may be had for 10 or 15 cents a night, breakfast for 5 cents, and supper, consisting of meat, vegetables, bread and hot chocolate for 15 or 20 cents. Traveling student groups are charged only half fares by the railroad and steamship companies. School children are admitted to the opera, art and historical museums and Shakespearean plays at half rates.—*U. S. Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.*

Mostly About Meetings

International Conference of the Musicological Society, London, July 20-28.

International Democratic Congress for Peace, Young People's Hostel at Burg-Rothenfels, Germany, August 1931.

International Photographic Congress, Dresden, August 3-8.

Great pageant in Salzburg, native costumes, August 15-16.

During September, Vienna will be the scene of the first Accountants Congress, the International Dancers Congress, and the International Association of Printers Congress.

International Illumination Congress, London, September 3-19.

Session of the Professional Association of Medical Practitioners, Budapest, September 9-12.

Session of the International Institute of Statistics, Madrid, September.

General meeting of the International Conference of National Unions of Mutual Benefit Societies and Sickness Insurance Funds, Prague, September.

Congress of the International Federation of Intellectual Unions, Zurich, October.

International Conference on Bituminous Coal, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, November.

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(*Continued from page* 361) drastic had to be done. A flat cut in the payroll was the only possible answer, 20 per cent beginning April 1, with the grim certainty that, owing to larger debt payments coming due next year, it would continue for the whole of 1932. Fall River groaned and some of it gnashed its teeth. But there was nothing anybody could do about it.

The Board's budget cut deep. The mayor's salary went from $2000 to $1600 and this per year, not per month. The new city manager who had been welcomed to a $10,000 job early in the year, was slashed to $6000—take it or leave it. The mayor's secretary was lopped down to $1920, the superintendent of hospitals from $6500 to $4900, the superintendent of the City Home from $2600 to $1780. The pruning knife was given a fresh edge for conspicuous examples of politically inflated salaries. Many positions did not appear at all in the new budget which became effective on April 6 and the activities they represented automatically stopped on that day. The branch libraries shut up shop, the City Dispensary was wiped out, the Recreation Division in the Park Department vanished. The Maternal and Child Welfare Division, the flower of the somewhat limp Board of Health, was given until May 1 to wind up its work. Mr. Jackson himself felt that this was too bad. He and various local leaders requested the District Nursing Association to keep the clinics open and the work going. It would cost at least $15,000 a year and the Association hadn't the least idea where it would find the money but it gallantly accepted and agreed to carry on.

LITTLE by little Fall River has ceased to seethe. From the merchants' standpoint the payrolls of the reopened mills more than make up for the slashing of the city payroll. That is cold comfort to teachers and clerks and librarians looking for new jobs, and the Board of Finance has made it clear to one and all that this is no temporary reform of city management. It is a ten-year program which will probably become harder instead of easier. If industry does not revive, if the mills are forced to close again, if the back-breaking tax rate cannot be maintained, the Board will have to tackle its job from a new angle. For under any condition short of an Act of God the Finance Board proposes to make Fall River solvent by the year 1941.

Fall River is in many ways a pleasant city. It is beautifully situated on a wide river. Its climate is mild and salubrious. Its broad streets are shaded by great New England elms. Its Hill is a section of comfortable, spacious homes. Its tenement districts—made up mostly of three- and four-family dwellings—have the blessings of light and air and space. There is drabness but no slums in the sordid city sense. Flint Village, heart of the "foreign" section where more French than English is heard on the streets, compares favorably with most New England factory towns. Fall River bears the scars of its hard times. Not all the wreckage of its disastrous fire in 1928 has been cleaned up. The abandoned mills with their idle chimneys are a blot on the landscape. Many tenements are vacant and dilapidated. The whole city needs a coat of paint.

How far and how quickly it can come back from what it has suffered depends, when all is said and done, on the mills. There are indications that the Fall River tradition of mill management is breaking down, that the owners are willing to make drastic readjustments to new conditions. Within a year or two a little new blood has come to run through certain moribund mills and has merged them into outside corporations with diversified interests. Old Fall River accepts these innovations reluctantly and shrinks from admitting that the foundation which its fathers and its grandfathers built is inadequate for modern industry. New Fall River has no tradition at stake. It asks of the future only that it may continue to say, "My father's working' an' my mother wants ten cents worth o' sugar an' there's the money."

THE END OF AN EPOCH

(*Continued from page* 336)

matters without comment. They merit articles and books and years of labor in themselves, but they are pans and patches. This article is not about pans and patches. It is about the need for a new roof—a system of industrial control.

We must look forward to, and work for, planned and controlled production that provides adequate return to capital and also high wages and regular employment to labor. If any one doubts the need for this let him look at living conditions and social conditions in two or three soft-coal mining localities. If you have a heart the human misery will make you sick. There is an industry without any control save competition. The soft-coal industry was equipped during the War to produce 700 or 800 million tons a year and since that time our country has been using about 550 million tons a year. The coal miners are still in the coal fields and much new machinery has been introduced. That means that hundreds of thousands of workers have been partly unemployed for a decade. The low costs of the bankrupt or near-bankrupt operator have made prices so low that there has been little profit for any operator and no profits at all for most of them.

The soft-coal industry of the eastern United States is a financial chaos, an industrial chaos, a personal and social despair to both capital and labor and no one sees any way out during the continuance of the present competitive system. If some operator here and there can work his coal mine and make a bit of profit he does it. If a worker can work in a coal mine and make enough to keep himself alive, he does it. The result of these desperations is destruction of income for capital, destruction of decent conditions for labor, and communities of which America would be thoroughly ashamed if she knew about them. On April 2 the United States Senate Committee on Unemployment voted unanimously to lay before the National Red Cross testimony to the effect that people were starving in the West Virginia coal fields. Similar things in many industries and many lands are bringing a rapid movement toward increased control of industry. In the machine-using countries machinery has done it.

In some respects Germany has led the way. Instead of promoting the eighteenth-century system of individual competition as we do by our Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the German government aided the formation of great industrial organizations and combinations called cartels. The Rhenish Westphalian Coal Cartel[1], now thirty-eight years old, is run by a board with representatives from operators, laborers, consumers and the government. One organization sells all the coal of all the members, fixes prices, allots quotas of production, admits or refuses to admit new member mines. Membership for a mine owner is compulsory—the hand of government.

Let some one report to you the situation in the German soft-coal field under the cartel and also the conditions in the West Virginia soft-coal field under the chaos of free competition. The facts would move any nonpartisan jury to approve of quick steps toward rigid control of the industry for the good of all parties.

One of the most interesting and suggestive recent experiments in the field of industrial control has resulted from the present glut of sugar. Everyone knows that when a market is glutted no one makes a profit. For example, the United States consumes about 80 million bushels of market apples each normal year. In the year 1926 a combination of circumstances caused the commercial orchards of this country to produce about 117 million bushels, with the result that apples were sold at such low prices that it paid me (I happen to be the owner of an apple orchard) to let 10,000 bushels of exceptionally fine fruit fall off the trees after it was ready for harvest. If I had picked the apples I would have received only about fifty cents for every dollar I spent in wages for picking, grading, packing, and for the purchase of packages. If all growers could have agreed to market only two thirds of their crop there would have been a fair return to most producers instead of general loss because we gave the country too much of a particular kind of wealth that year.

Sugar production has been increased by the aid of research laboratories to cure diseases, chemicals to fertilize, power machines to plow, carry and manufacture. A glut in the world's sugar market resulted. Supply and demand have ceased to be

[1] For more details, see Trust and Corporation Problems, Seager, H. R., and Gulick, C. A.

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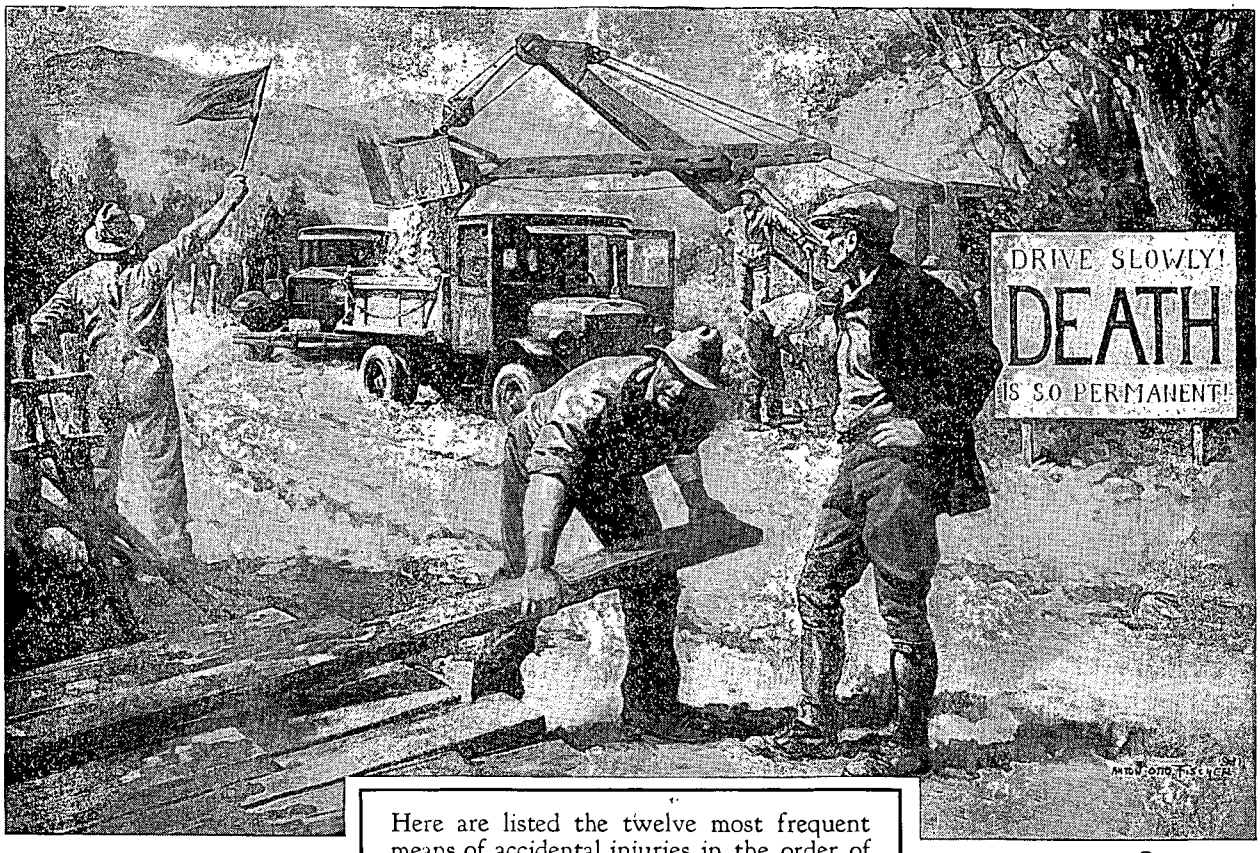
Caution or Accident?



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The grim warning "Drive Slowly, Death is so Permanent!" has been heeded by thousands of drivers over dangerous roads.

Here are listed the twelve most frequent means of accidental injuries in the order of their fatality:

1. Automobiles
2. Falls
3. Drownings
4. Burns
5. Railroads
6. Poisonous Gases
7. Firearms
8. Machines
9. Mines and Quarries
10. Fires
11. Poisons
12. Suffocations

In this country accidents are now the largest single cause of the Crippling, Dependency and Destitution which call for relief.

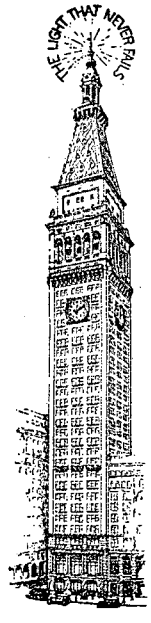
ACCIDENTS took 100,000 lives, caused approximately 10,000,000 more or less serious injuries and cost more than $1,000,000,000 last year in the United States.

Among those killed by accident were 18,000 children under fifteen years of age.

No one knows how many accidental injuries and deaths are due to uncontrollable circumstances. Nevertheless, how many of the accidents which happened to members of your family or your friends — accidents which you know all about — could have been avoided?

Last year there were about 46,000 fatal accidents in homes and in industry. Elsewhere there were about 54,000 accidental deaths. Among the latter group 32,500 — motorists and pedestrians — were killed by automobiles.

But while the tide of accidents is steadily rising, there are some bright spots in the dark record.



Better traffic regulations in a large number of cities are reducing the percentage of street accidents and the toll of killed and maimed children.

Police officers and school teachers are training children to be careful.

Safety appliances and methods installed by the foremost industries are saving many lives.

But systematic accident prevention in homes has hardly begun.

Falls in homes caused 8,000 deaths last year; burns, scalds and explosions 5,400; asphyxiations 3,600; and fatal poisonings 2,000. Much remains to be done to check home accidents caused by recklessness and thoughtlessness.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company urges you to send for its free booklets on accident prevention. Ask for Booklets 7-S-31.

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laws in command of this situation. Sugar does not rot as apples do. Therefore the accumulated glut is today a surplus of 2,500,000 tons of sugar. This has killed the price and made an anarchy of bankruptcy like that in the soft-coal industry. Goaded by losses and with no hope of profits in the uncontrolled industry, the sugar growers of exporting countries have formed an export limitation agreement under the leadership of Thomas H. Chadbourne, a New York corporation lawyer who was one of President Wilson's associates. In the course of the negotiations at Paris Mr. Chadbourne bluntly told the conferees that the capitalistic system was on trial; that if it could not solve this sugar problem it would have to fail because the sugar situation is typical, not isolate.

THE sugar Conference resulted in an agreement providing definite limitation of exports. Cuba is to export for a period of years so many millions of tons per year; Java is to export an amount that is agreed upon in advance; Germany and all the others (seven in all) have agreed to export only certain amounts. Within these various countries there is now in progress a series of experiments to limit production to bring it in accord with the definitely limited export which will take place during the period of this agreement. On February 28 the President of Cuba promulgated a decree commanding that each factory and each grower could make, this season, 63.08 per cent of the average amount of sugar that was made in the two previous years. A factory or a grower can transfer its or his right to produce to some other factory or grower, but the transferee cannot exceed the 63.08 per cent quota. Goodbye Laissez Faire, and thy ugly daughter, Free Competition! Ye are gone from the waving cane fields of Cuba and Java and from the beet fields of Germany and Poland. You may return some day soon but you are gone for the present, and in your stead is the International Sugar Council that is to carry out an 8000-word accord to endure five years and to which there are 425 signatures representing the eight chief exporting nations. They hope to raise the price of sugar from 1¼ cents to 2½ cents per pound, which latter figure permits interest on the investment.

At the luncheon after the signing of the accord in Brussels, May 9, 1931, Mr. Chadbourne said:

> Those who speak about these world depressions coming in cycles and this being one of the cycles are talking sheer nonsense. This is a world depression for which there is no precedent, and neither you nor I carry a yardstick or scales to measure or weigh the results of it if it be allowed to take its course on the theory of the survival of the fittest, which many are advocating. That is the law of the jungle and should not be a law for reasonable human beings. If this world depression is allowed to take its course on that theory there will be few survivors and they will not be fit for anything.

Several other agreements resembling that in sugar have been made, even international agreements such as that by which the tin producers' output has been limited. Many have been attempted and scores, probably hundreds, are most ardently desired and needed by the producers. Making these agreements is the next step if private capital is to continue in possession of industry. Chaos like that in our soft-coal regions cannot continue. The world cannot continue to be so cruel without trying something else, something drastic if necessary.

Two entirely different kinds of evils stare at us from this situation: (1) sheer bad business to the point of malnutrition if we let things drift; (2) if we attempt control there are the follies of government committed by those who are elected by the hungry rather than aided by the wise.

The way public sentiment in the United States is running toward the dole should be alarming to all who believe that individual initiative should be kept alive in the world. It should also cause those who believe in private ownership of production to become definitely and concretely constructive.

Russia merits close study whether you believe in standing pat or in increased industrial control. The group in power there sat tight until the hungry took the government and put *it in control and in operation of industry* along with a considerable severance of the heads and confiscation of the estates of the erstwhile tight-sitters. The American public is still the most patient in the world because of the (*Continued on page* 369)

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FEDERAL JUDGE LIFTS BAN ON "MARRIED LOVE"

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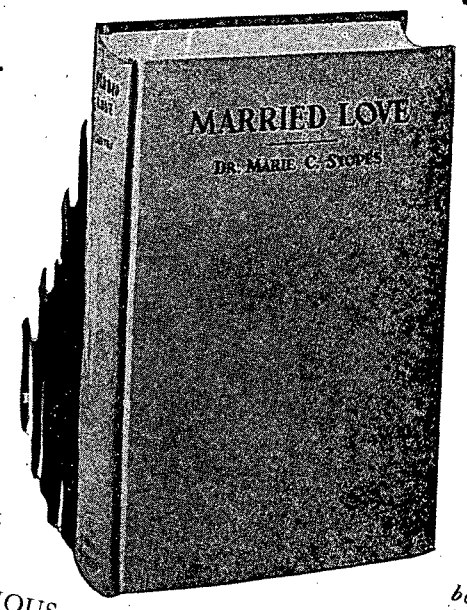

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(*Continued from page* 366) hope that every one is to get rich. The U. S. A. in 1931 is poor nurture for that hope—with unemployed millions and wage-cut millions.

As I see it the main task that faces private capitalism if it is to escape being swallowed by state operation of industries with (presumably) jobs for everybody is to persuade the American voters that it would be a good thing to permit the formation of many industrial groups, each controlling the production of a commodity or group of commodities and working under some sort of public supervision, of which the Interstate Commerce Commission's control of the railways is a type.

Some of the things that must be a part of this main proposition as political necessities in this democracy are:

(a) Complete publicity of finances of producing corporations so that the consumer does not pay for unreasonable profits.
(b) Some sort of guarantee of high wages.
(c) Some sort of guarantee of efficiency and a minimum of nepotism and favoritism.

On the legal, administrative and economic side such a set of plans appears impossible of early formation or successful operation until we have:

(a) a much more thorough knowledge of American industry such as would result from wider and better collection of statistics covering wages, employment, costs, capital, capitalization, equipment, and so on;
(b) greatly increased speed of legal procedure and court procedure so that we could make changes as quickly as the British do;
(c) a better standard of value than the present gold which is a commodity subject to commodity fluctuations and subject to political manoeuvers, national and international, resulting in hoarding, and almost to monopolies and corners;
(d) better control of credit so that its amount can be definitely related to the actual needs of industry and trade.

PAST CHARITY, PRESENT VANITY

(*Continued from page* 349)

one-half of attendant nurses' charge, thus putting the graduate service within the reach of most of the population.

By this and by similar expedients providing for regular moderate payments, most of the needs of the ordinary family can be met. These needs begin with prenatal work and extend through the rest of life. For a regular and moderate family payment, the nurse can serve not the poor alone, but the entire community, including the family doctor. She can confer with the mother on diet, weight and the like, and provide records and information for the family doctor. She can also, by rounding up his patients in clinics, enable him to see regularly every child belonging to his practice and to do his job well at an expenditure of time and labor much less than is now usual for other than charity patients. By providing him with records she can also furnish the doctor with the information that will enable him to be more effective when suddenly called on in emergency. She would be used to strengthen rather than to undermine responsible family practice. Too often this is not the case. She must cease to be identified with dependence and get down to business in organized service for all classes. Happily that is just what she is doing in some places, as in the pay services of visiting nurse associations or the experiment of the Bellevue Yorkville Health Demonstration in New York, for example, where graduate nurses have been placed at the disposal of private physicians to aid in their preventive work.

In such a way, regular insurance payments can provide that in any emergency a graduate nurse, or an attendant to carry on the household when the mother is ill, will be available at a fraction of the regular charges since benefit payments make up the difference without reducing the nurses' well-earned pay. At moderate and regular cost, the nurse and the dental hygienist can, with the help of the family dentist, bring the child through the years when, and when only, sound teeth can be assured. This, too, I know to be feasible, and thus the incipient pauperization of organized dentistry that is now making fine progress in imitation of pauperized medicine, can be headed off.

Rare and exceedingly expensive emergencies could probably be covered by reinsurance arrangements made by individual insuranc groups. Such reinsurance of part of these expenses seems to offer a field of usefulness worth the attention of the

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TOM MOONEY GOES TO THE PEOPLE

Once again will my case be presented to a Governor of California—this time with direct admonition that the American people are demanding a removal of the shameful stain upon our national renown. Frank P. Walsh, eminent attorney, will journey from New York and present to Governor Rolph the petition for my unconditional pardon. Mr. Walsh is giving his services without fee; but the many additional expenses of this pardon hearing will be heavy.

The long period of financial depression has had calamitous effect upon my defense efforts. Without funds to conduct an intensive campaign before and during the pardon hearing, that effort is likely to fail—and right now my Defense Committee lacks funds. Yet means must be found to counteract the apathy manifested by a great majority of the people, and to rally the loyal minority in support of this my latest effort for the freedom so long and so unjustly denied me.

I expect no help from those crooked officials whose fakery is brought to light in my pamphlet—"Labor Leaders Betray Tom Mooney". Not one of them has ever approached Governor Rolph in my behalf—no more than they ever approached the former Governors, Young, Richardson and Stephens, to speak a word for me. On fleeting wings the years have sped, for them—long years that grayed the hair and sapped the vigor of Tom Mooney, whose activities in the labor movement they always feared. No, they do not want me at liberty. And my forthcoming pamphlet —"The Case Against Tom Mooney"— will show the reasons why.

It will cost something to print and distribute the booklet, too. And I want to do that—even more than I want my freedom. For the pamphlet is a complete refutation of all the charges upon which my framed conviction was secured.

I know that the great majority of the people are with me, in heart; and that my call has but to reach those hearts, to bring response. Have you read in the May issue of Harper's Magazine, "Our American Dreyfus Case—A Challenge to California Justice"? It is a graphic and illuminating expose of the hidden processes by which my unjust conviction was brought about. When you have read it, I am sure my Defense Committee will hear from you. And by that "you", I mean every sincere lover of justice and fair play, in all this country; and every true friend of labor, throughout the world.

TOM MOONEY

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larger insurance companies who can thus avoid the risks and expenses that now prevent their action.

The family doctor, with his charges, is the best thing that we have inherited from the past. He can carry on as he always has if his practice is not taken away by pauperized medicine, is not disrupted by ill-advised collective work, nor ruined when emergencies hit his families and, finding them unprepared with insurance to cover immediate hospital and nursing bills, deprive him of his just due. Insurance of his services is probably the least necessary element but could be accomplished if he desired.

Where does charity come in? In the first place, it is the highest form of charity to spare our fellow beings from the unnecessary infliction of charity wherever possible. Secondly, benefit insurance and properly organized service can rescue great numbers from charity and state medicine, cutting down charity cases and the need of free hospital service to a fraction of present requirements. It becomes no longer a question whether a family can pay $300 or more for the whole expense of an operation, for example, but whether they can pay $10 or $15 a year for insurance to cover the expenses of surgical and hospital care. In a reasonably prosperous community some six sevenths of present sufferers could thus be spared both hardship and charity and enormous sums of benevolent money released for scientific advance and better equipment.

IF a family cannot meet moderate insurance payments it evidently needs treatment for general financial debility and is not a victim of defect in the medical system. In communities whose whole working population has no margin above bare subsistence, there is need for real charity in the form of better payrolls, whether produced by industrial improvement, by control of immigration or by other remedies that attack the causes of poverty rather than its symptoms. Charity can be applied when it is needed without ruining and distorting the service due those who can pay for themselves, and without injuring and undermining legitimate medical practice. A soundly organized system in any healthy American community could take all necessary charity work in its stride, making it a mere incident to general service.

The individual who can make regular insurance payments and does not care to do so is in another category. If, through insurance, he is only given the chance (which at present he usually lacks), the failure and humiliation is his, and not that of the medical system. But once let the chance become available for the ordinary man to cover his medical emergencies, then enlightened public opinion brings correction of many such errors by stimulating foresight and self-help. This has been the history of the beginnings of life and fire insurance and of the rise and growth of the savings bank and the credit union. Supply creates the demand as one family after another experiences the benefit of foresight.

Organized medicine has hitherto turned its main interest to charitable relief and to the advancement of medical science. These are both worthy objects but between them the middle-class patient has been sacrificed. We are not going to supply his needs by trying to do something else. Here is a field for far-sighted and useful endeavor that should be undertaken by persons who make service to their independent fellow-citizens their main objective, unhampered by those whose chief interest is something else. By forming groups of benefit-payers this work can be done not only without harm to our present organized units for the care and study of sickness and disease, but by using them greatly to their advantage. Better means may well be found, but at any rate this one works. I venture to recommend the formation of such safeguarding units to those who are looking for some means of offering to their fellow-citizens the benefits of modern organized medicine free from the ruin, distress and humiliation that now too often beset them.

The failure of organized medicine to serve the middle-class has been treated as a mystery. There is no mystery about it but just plain bad business, committed by good business men befogged by the tradition that charity is their main duty. Let them once break free from this illusion and go to it on the line of service and sound economics, with more money available to back them, and the difficulties will resolve themselves into mere questions of getting better work done at less cost, by making the

*

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COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL COOPERATION—409 Palmer Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; Will W. Alexander, Director. Seeks improvement of interracial attitudes and conditions through conference, cooperation, and popular education. Correspondence invited.

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best uses of scientific advance, group practice and other forms of modern organization. We can and should put an end to this most unhappy wastage of thousands of lives and millions of money sacrificed to something that was the charity of the past and should be recognized as the vanity of the present.

COUNTRY ROADS—MODERN STYLE

(*Continued from page* 352)

landscape is not a proper charge on public funds. The other day I was reading the annual report of one of our greatest state highway engineers who has spent some hundreds of thousands of dollars improving the scenery along the beautiful roadsides of his very attractive state, a state which takes in millions of dollars from its motoring visitors each year. The engineer's report passed quickly over the landscaping of the roadsides and spent its manly effort explaining that everything that had been done was for the benefit of the roads in "practical" ways. What he meant was that he was asking an appropriation of another quarter of a million for the ensuing year and he feared that if someone in the legislature were to point out the fact that the money was being spent for merely "ornamental" purposes the grant would be incontinently defeated.

America at the present time is committed heart and mind to better roads. We want the best. But we also want the most beautiful. God made the country beautiful—supremely beautiful—and when we use the roads we want to see just that sort of country. Otherwise we might as well do our motoring on a circular race track or in subterranean tunnels.

ARISTIDE BRIAND

(*Continued from page* 357)

incarnation of all that the League of Nations stands for. In its very existence it will not be the less a monument to Woodrow Wilson than in its abiding and increasing spirit and effectiveness it will stand as that of this great, chivalrous Frenchman. He has enriched the world; it will be poorer when he leaves it.

WOULD that there were a Briand to compose the difficulties besetting the relations between the Vatican and the Fascisti in Italy. There is a situation which calls for lubricants perhaps beyond even the Briand skill. That goes very deep and in my judgment it will test the best of diplomatic resources. As I see it there is at hand in Italy as there is in Spain, the same development that there was in France—a final end of the political power of the Roman Catholic institution. For good or ill according to one's point of view and sympathies, an era is coming to a head and an end in those hitherto predominantly Catholic countries. A long history of ecclesiastical domination lies behind these revolts. The Roman Church is very wise and pragmatical in its politics; when it cannot stand up it knows pretty well where and how to sit down with every appearance of having all along intended to do so. But it will call for all the wisdom, patience and restraint of which either the Vatican or the Mussolini organization, and both together, are possessed, to work into a modus vivendi without open defeat of either, the controversy which, as these words are written, is stirring bitterly. Carried to its threatening extreme, this is one of the most menacing situations now in sight.

THE Russians have backed the American delegation to the International Narcotic Conference in session at Geneva while this is written, in emphasizing what must be at the last the only permanent solution of the so-called "opium problem." Nothing short of government monopoly of production, manufacture and distribution will ever stop the flow of illicit narcotics which now overwhelms the world. The nations are not ready for that yet; they still pander and piddle with paper restrictions, none of which are really enforced or enforcible. This stuff must be dealt with as coinage and currency are dealt with, in the same spirit of frightened cooperation as that with which world-epidemics, vast floods and conflagrations are dealth with. No more difficult problem confronts civilization; none comes closer to the average home; yet the people of no country have come to realize the nature and magnitude of the threat. Few individuals understand the situation, save if at all in the vaguest way.

Col. Arthur Woods, formerly police commissioner of New York City and for several years American assessor to the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations, has written a little book[1] which will assist an ordinary reader to understand generally the nature and appalling magnitude of the problem. I take the liberty of remarking that while Colonel Woods's little book is less comprehensive than my own Opium (Brentano's, 1927), it brings the subject up to date and admirably affords a background for comprehending the results, whatever they may be, of the current conference at Geneva.

WOULD that it were more usual for foreign nations to send here ambassadors and ministers acquainted with us, our ways and institutions. James Bryce, who for many years represented Great Britain at Washington, was one such. His study of us, The American Commonwealth, remains the best interpretation of our ensemble existing in any language. Jusserand, for France, was another. Now the new Spanish Republic has sent us one in the person of Dr. Salvador Madariaga, lately head of the disarmament section of the League of Na-

[1] Dangerous Drugs: The World Fight Against Illicit Trade in Narcotics. By Arthur Woods. Yale University Press. 123 pp. $2 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

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MISCELLANEOUS

BELIEVING some men and women are burdened, anxious, needing help in meeting perplexing personal problems, retired physician offers friendly counsel. Nothing medical, no fees. 6794 SURVEY.

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tions, still later professor of Spanish language and literature at Oxford University. He has traveled widely in this country, in his lectures he has praised and criticized and poked fun at us. He is a poet, a real wit, a gentleman in the highest sense of that much-abused expression. He is educated, keenly intelligent, charged to the lid with good old common-sense. A "regular feller." Would that there were more like him at Washington.

Would that our own real representatives abroad—I refer not to diplomatic officers but to our horde of tourists—took over with them Madariaga's wit and polish and understanding imagination. We are a great puzzle over there. Time and again I have heard Europeans say: "It's no matter; we never are surprised at what Americans do and say over here."

The mayor of Los Angeles is reported to have refused ostentatiously at some function in France to participate in the conventional toast in champagne to the presidents of France and the United States on the ground that it would be unlawful. He seems to fancy that there exists some law against the drinking of champagne by Americans even in France. But he is no more puzzling than the Americans who on the steamers rush for booze before the ship is clear of the dock in New York and take it as a personal affront that the bar will not be open while in American waters. The geography of custom and conscience is a curious study.

Sitting once at a sidewalk café in Paris, concerned with affairs and contemplations of my own, I was aware of an indubitably American conversation of two women at an adjoining table.

"I wonder," one of them was saying over a glass of some foaming, amber liquid whose precise nature is to this deponent still only a matter of conjecture, "what Dr. — would say if he could see me now."

"I don't know what he would *say*," replied the other, I thought a shade grimly, "but I'm pretty sure I know what he would *do*. You'd lose your job as a deaconess."

Suddenly they became aware of me, trying to keep my face straight and to look as much as possible like an oblivious Bulgarian. I heard one of them whisper:

"Goodness! Be careful, he's American."

Whereupon I released my grin and reassured them:

"Yes, I am an American; but have no fear. I know the Reverend Dr. — but if and when I see him I shall be careful to say only that I saw you and that you were looking extraordinarily well—and happy."

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SUCCESS ON CRUTCHES

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his jawbone like a knockout. He had anticipated undergoing an operation that would kill or cure. To his annoyance it failed to do either.

Fitful hours of sunshine only broke through the clouds that overhung the mountain hospital. Suffering bitterly, he had an insupportable sense of his own failure—not the realization that the surgeons had failed in their job. He ha d taken a chance and had failed. All he hoped now was for strength enough to get out, even if not as perpendicularly as he had arrived. Yet throughout that time, habit survived and bits of writing came out by way of dictation. For invalidism is only a mental thing. This is not the brutal claim of a well person that all illness less obvious than measles, is "imagination." But in most invalids, long-continued traffic with doctors and hospitals induces a mental lethargy comparable with the physical debility of their bedridden state which makes them unable to rise and walk even when their malady is cured or dormant.

Then began a difficult trip toward the sunshine of the French Riviera. Regarding this trip his comment is: "I found one way in which my crutches were an advantage; they enabled me to avoid the nuisance of frontier customs inspections. Reared on the tradition that legs were lost only in the war, these officers gave every courtesy to me on crutches. If I were dying of liver complaint they would have made me endure their ordeals like anybody else. But a crutch! . . . 'Yes, Monsieur. We will examine your luggage right here. Don't move."

Having reached the Riviera with the "advantage" of crutches, he went to the Rex Ingram studios to gather material for feature stories. There he was offered the post of director of publicity and advertising for the great studios whence came The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and Scaramouche. He named his own impossible conditions and they were accepted: No hanging about the studio or going on romantic location trips to Africa would give him local color for his stories; an unlimited staff of photographers, assistants and publicity men would bring this to his hillside villa where he could work in bed or out of it. The arrangement worked astonishingly well. Stories poured from Nice to New York, and at the end of the first production New York executives wrote that Scully's publicity on this picture was the finest in the history of the organization.

So when Harry Lachman, an American painter known throughout Europe, went into moving pictures and then decided to open his own studios, he picked Frank Scully to head them. Time might have to be taken out for an operation now and then, but while he was in bed his mind would be up and about. And it was his mind that Lachman needed.

When I was last in Nice I stopped at the Riviera Studios to call on him. He wasn't of course, in—he was ill at home with bronchitis. There I found him submerged in the intricacies of an inhalation outfit. As he breathed the medicated steam he was working out a leasing scheme for an English company, with one of his staff at the bedside taking notes of words that came out of the airholes like the sputterings of a bad telephone connection. Finally Scully emerged, steaming and smiling.

All manner of visitors came in: a brilliant young Russian engineer who sought advice about a change of jobs; the Geneva staff correspondent of The New York Times, who had scenarios for criticism; a Cine Service manager, fresh from Harvard and Cambridge; an opera star who had heard Scully was ill and brought him ice cream. He *was* good—so good that the world came to his villa with as much homage as to that of the Queen of Roumania, which it overlooked.

So often the precious urge to rise which is in men, is so far over-balanced by a basic inertia; so seldom do the scales balance more than evenly, that a slight blow of fate may tip them either way. And the commonest of these blows is illness. Scully's story is not an outstanding one for the annals of genius, nor is he the haloed lithograph of a saint. His achievement is not immortal and his patience no more than necessary. But he is a colorful example of a successful life created by the expert management of small capital. In it is a challenge to all those who, knowing invalidism is a justifying excuse, do not find in it a satisfying profession.

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